



OVER THE GARDEN WALL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAHAM STIELING, CRIEFF





JOAN OF ARC: THE VOICES



ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLF THIEDE.

SUMMARY:

The first chapter introduces Angela Wycherley, a girl who is discontented with her life as it is regulated by her mother, who "was by way of being a woman of the world, with the world left out." She desires Angela to marry Mr. Burnage, a not very attractive bachelor of some means. In the second chapter a young man, Claudius Sandell, is found in a faint by a doctor, Gabriel Lamb, outside his house at Wimbledon. The doctor takes the young man into his house and entertains him with perfect hospitality. The young man has been at Eton and Cambridge, but, for some reason which is not stated, is entirely destitute. He is fed, and arrangements are made to provide him with clothes, and Dr. Lamb—who explains that he does not practise, but is entirely engaged in research work—sees him safely in bed, and then explains to the servants and to his wife, who is afraid of him, that Sandell is to be treated precisely as if he had come to the house in the ordinary way as an honoured guest. In the meantime Mr. Burnage has made up his mind to marry Angela, being convinced that he has only to ask her. Just about this time Dr. Lamb, after divers conversations with the young man, writes to his banker instructing him to place £8,000 to the credit of Claudius Sandell. It must be remembered that a conversation between Claudius and Dr. and Mrs. Lamb has put the doctor in a position to clear Claudius with his father. He declines to do it, or to let his wife do it. In the next chapter Dr. Lamb makes an extraordinary proposal to Claudius. It is that he shall have the above-named sum paid in to his credit, eight days wherein to enjoy it, and that then he shall hand over the remainder of his life to Dr. Lamb without condition or question. Claudius agrees, and they drink success to the eight days: the "Octave" of the story's title. Before Claudius starts to spend his eight days of freedom he is warned by Mrs. Lamb not to come back. He hears also that he is to meet Angela Wycherley.

CHAPTER X.

AS Claudius, dressed for the dinner at Lady Verrider's on the following night, he felt that so far he had had a pleasant day. He had breakfasted late, had had a delightful ride in the park, an amusing luncheon with Burnage, and a friendly talk afterwards with Lady Verrider at her house, and had just left her in time to dress and return to dinner. It did occur to him once that it was not perhaps worth while to barter the rest of his life

for eight such days—but still it had been pleasant enough.

Burnage had been full of questions at first, and Claudius had evaded them. Burnage did not press his inquiries, because a chance was offered him of talking about himself, and he could not bear to miss it. He apologised at intervals for egotism. He referred rather slightly to his 'Varsity days. "One is so young, you know, when one is young," he said. He was fond of saying that kind of thing; it was not difficult. He knew that if he only adopted the form of the epigram, a humble and stupid world would always give him credit for the point of it. Finally, at the request of Claudius, he read out one or two of the "Inward Incidents," those passages in the life of a "young and sensuous girl." If Claudius had taken them seriously, he would have been of the opinion that Burnage must have lived a very moral life, but have been afflicted with a very indecent imagination. But he did not take them seriously; he chaffed him good-naturedly about them, and regarded them as evidence of merely a passing phase. Burnage served to remind Claudius of the good times he had had at Cambridge, and merely for that Claudius was grateful to him. Burnage's irrepressible superiority was not to be overcome by good-natured chaff. "My dear fellow," he said, "you have given me an excellent luncheon; the wine has been beyond reproach. Consequently I am sorry to have to be rude to you. But I fear that you are a sojourner in the land of Goth. You have told me that you don't like my cigarettes. They're quite perfect. It's only by the greatest . . . well, the Turkish Ambassador happens to . . . however, I needn't go into that. The dislike of those cigarettes is a mark. Then there is the way in which you receive my little 'Inward Incidents.' You don't understand them. You have gone backward. At Cambridge, I remember, you used to think about writing, to take an interest in literature. Now, if you wrote at all, you would turn out—let me see—a novel with a plot to it, with adventures in it."

Claudius chuckled.

"That's just exactly what I have done," he said.

"Ah! where is it?"

"To tell you the truth, I exactly know, but don't in the least care."

"Then you can have given no trouble to it."

"I gave too much, and that's why I want to forget it, please."

"Well, doing anything to-night?"

"Yes, dining out."

"I was to have dined to-night at Lady Verrider's. But I had to send an excuse the other day. I happened to find out that—well, it's nothing of importance, but a girl's dining there who ought not to meet me."

"Why not? It isn't as if you talked as you wrote."

"You misunderstand. Poor little thing—pretty too in her way! It would hardly be fair to tell you more, and besides, it's nothing, I say."

In the afternoon Lady Verrider had been a little puzzled by Claudius. He had been charming to her as ever; his looks, she thought, had improved as they had passed from boyishness to manliness—most faces, she noticed, coarsened in the process or else became effeminate. But there had been a certain reserve, he had not told her all she had expected. He had explained freely his long absence from her house; he had wanted to give himself up entirely to his work; and he had besides been too poor to see anyone. It was with reference to the future that he was so reticent. Where was he going to when he left England? With whom was he going? What would he do—if anything—when he went abroad? He would, he told her, earn the money which he was now spending. For the rest he was afraid that his future was not his own secret, and that therefore it must remain a secret.

"Entangled!" cried Lady Verrider. "A woman! I see it all."

"No," said Claudius, "there is no woman in the case at all. It's almost a matter of business. Be as kind to me as you always are, and don't ask me any more about it, or mention to anybody that there is any mystery. It's embarrassing. I can't be mysterious. I couldn't look the part."

"Yes, you could, do, and always did," Lady Verrider answered snappishly. "However, young men always have their own way—I've known that for a long time, unless, of course, you marry her. M'yes, Angela."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said Angela. Oh, it's lucky that you're coming here to dine to-night! A

man dropped out two days ago, and you've got his place. Otherwise there might not have been, as far as you're concerned, any Angela at all. She's your reason for not leaving England, as I told you in my letter."

"Might we hear more?" Claudius asked.

"The father's invisible and the mother ought to be. No, that's sheer spite and worldliness. The mother's a good mother with social aspirations—I believe they're chiefly for the daughter's sake, and that as soon as she's married, the aspirations will be folded up and put away and the poor old lady will go to bed tired. Looks as if she dressed too youthfully, and always had done—even in her cradle. Homeopath, I fancy—talks pills anyhow. But quite a good heart."

"And if you had *not* set aside all spite and worldliness," said Claudius, "how would you have described her then?"

"My dear Claudius, haven't I said that she's got a good heart?"

Claudius smiled, "When it comes to mentioning *that* . . . but, however, with regard to Angela."

Lady Verrider's grey eyes lit up with enthusiasm. "A wayward lamb. Eyelashes. So wrong, and sweet, and rather discontented, and good! Oh! I can't describe her!"

"Ah," said Claudius, "I've not deserved these treasures! I'm an outcast."

Lady Verrider sighed. "If only I could be anything half as romantic as that! But no—I simply must not talk about your dear father. Temper upsets me. In his last letter he said that he 'utterly, absolutely and altogether declined' to receive any further communication from me. Think of it!"

"I recognise the idiom," said Claudius. "Then, you've no recent news, I suppose."

"Fairly recent, but there's no change. That Cauby woman has a cottage in your father's place now. The spiritualistic business goes on. I got that, by the way, from my maid, whose cousin is in service there. I didn't ask her anything, of course, but sometimes one has to give her the run of her tongue."

Lady Verrider's husband had been long dead. At her dinners her brother acted as host, if he was in London. He was a dried-up little man, who drank water during dinner and one glass of claret afterwards. He knew nothing about horses, something about men, and quite a great deal about women; so he liked

best to talk about horses, at any rate in the first stage of acquaintanceship. In the last stage—there were with him about sixteen of them—you would perhaps find out that he had lived much abroad, fought three duels, killed one man, and regretted exceedingly that he had not killed the other two. He was good-tempered, rather absent-minded, and lived chiefly at his club. "He's a nice little man, Geoffrey," Lady Verrider used to say, "and kind and obliging to me, though we don't know each other very well." Lady Verrider looked brilliant that night. She could no longer be beautiful as in her youth, but she had such pearls and old lace as can be had for money, and always seemed more dignified than she felt. "Don't hurry away to-night," she murmured, as she shook hands with Claudius, "otherwise I shan't have a chance of seeing you. One never sees anybody in one's own house if there's anyone else there." With this enigmatical utterance she turned to shake hands with a member of Parliament, who believed that he had rescued her from a bore; everybody who shook hands with Lady Verrider at once believed that he had done something great and right.

Geoffrey Severn emerged from behind a palm to greet Claudius. "Delighted to meet you again, old man," he said. "Saw you in the park this morning, on the top of a horse. You were in the distance, or I'd have saluted you before. Going abroad, I hear. Well, well—you'll get tired of it. I did, at least I think I did. At any rate, I came back to England, and mind you do the same. And, by the way, you're taking in Miss Wycherley, if you would. Know her? Come along then."

Silhouetted against a shaded lamp, Claudius saw the face of a young girl. She turned as Geoffrey spoke to her, presenting Claudius. She smiled prettily, but as the smile died away her eyes looked rather sad. She was the image of sweet discontent. There had certainly been some fog that evening; the real question was whether it would or would not become any worse. He thought and said with due gravity, that he feared it would. She half opened her fan and looked down at it caressingly. Then she said, a little shyly, that she hoped it wouldn't. "We're going out of the land of fogs on Monday," she added, as he



"SHE TURNED AS GEOFFREY SPOKE TO HER"

gave her his arm. Mamma and I are going down into the country."

"Really? So am I," he said. "But can you bear to part with London in the season?"

"We shan't be there for more than a few days. Do you know Guilbridge at all?"

"Yes, very well. (Here are our places—why *must* one always go to the wrong side first?) You don't mean to tell me that it's to Guilbridge that you're going?"

"Y'yes." Rather humbly, "Do you mind?"

"It's a coincidence, because I happen to be going there myself."

"Still, there's plenty of room isn't there? I hoped you wouldn't mind. You see we've taken our rooms there now, and I don't think we can afford——"

Their eyes met and understood. They both laughed.

"Don't you think," Claudius said, "that you're being a little severe?"

"Then," she answered, somewhat inconsequently, "why did you say that I

couldn't bear to part with London in the season? Do I look merely worldly? Has somebody traduced me?"

"I believe," he said seriously, "that I asked the question for much the same reason that I feared the fog was getting worse. It's a humiliating confession to have to make. As for the rest, no one has traduced you. Lady Verrider adores you, and spoke of you to me. You don't look merely worldly."

She drew a long breath. "Ah! please say the last part of that again—slowly."

"As for the rest, no one has——"

"No, go on after 'you don't look merely worldly,' and say some more."

"You don't look merely worldly. You look—but I'm afraid I've not known you long enough to say that."

"Let me see," she said meditatively, "how long *have* you known me?"

"Either five minutes, or five hundred years."

"Well"—with conscious audacity—"make it years then."

"In that case I may say that you look like—like your first name, grown a little tired of paradise."

"Oh, stop! you must go back at once. Away with those years! You've only known me minutes, just three minutes, Mr. Sandell."

"Pardon me, Miss Wycherley, but it must be at least six—probably more. You observe that we are eating salmon."

Angela laughed. "What a nice idea to measure time by the *menu*. Now observe, when it's half-past the caramel pudding, we may possibly speak about myself again. Until then—no. You've been to the Academy, of course?"

"Certainly not."

"A great theatre-goer?"

"Hardly ever. Come soon—soon—caramel pudding."

"You ought not to say that. Here's another chance for you. The lady in black satin is my mamma, and Lady Verrider's a dear too. But you can say anything you like about anybody except those two—and me."

"Then," said Claudius, "I shall talk about myself, and at some considerable length. I've made up my mind to it, and it's your fault."

She lowered her voice and looked mischievous. "Do you think, Mr. Sandell, that you ought to neglect that quite nice lady on your other side all through dinner? Oughtn't you to—to—give her some of it?"

They laughed again. "Not at all, she's very busy, telling Mr. Severn all about herself. *She* doesn't wait for any caramel puddings. And as he knows a great deal more about her than she does, he's amused and she's interested. It would be brutal to interrupt them."

"Very well. Why are you going to Guilbridge?"

The moment that Angela had said that she was going down into the country Claudius had decided also to go down into the country. To know that she was going to Guilbridge was to know that he also was going there. He had changed all his plans, suddenly, gladly, without the slightest hesitation, and now he was asked why, why was he going? He hardly knew. He was a little dazed, like a man who is suddenly awakened from sleep and with eyes half-closed vaguely feels that it is a glorious morning. But he knew, quite clearly, that the reason,

whatever it was, was not one that could be told—now, at any rate.

"I think London's at its worst in the hot weather. I've been to Guilbridge before—had the quaintest lodgings there. It's so jolly to be near the river in the summer."

"Most lodgings are quaint," said Angela meditatively. "The people who let them have always had more bereavements than other people, and everything looks too clean at the beginning of the season and too dirty all the rest of the time. And the furniture is of a type. Our rooms at Guilbridge are of the normal hideousness, I believe. But they look out over the heath. You know it?"

"Ah—it's lovely, that heath!"

They talked on of the heath, of boating, of riding, of many things—not more seriously than a dinner-table permits, but just a little confidentially, happy in a kind of tacit understanding that each pleased the other.

"Ah!" said Claudius suddenly, "the moment has come. It is exactly half-past the caramel pudding."

"Yes," Angela answered, "that is the time by your plate. But your plate's a little fast."

"Miss Wycherley," said Claudius, "you may think that I eat too quickly. You may regret it. But you really can't mention it—not to me. You're now going to talk about yourself."

"I only said I *might* . . . There's nothing to say, too. Oh, yes, why did you say that I was like my first name? How could you even know that I had a first name?"

"As for the last question I may answer that I conjectured it. I do these brilliant things at times."

"But, listen: you said that I was like my first name. Now my first name is Laura."

"Ah"

"What did you think it was?"

"Angela."

She had wanted to hear how it sounded when he said it. She had just what she wanted, and straightway blushed slightly.

"It is Angela, really. But I wouldn't be discontented with paradise, or tired of it—if only I could find it."

"Does anybody ever find it? I haven't."

"Some do. Don't look at the girl opposite to you, because I'm going to talk about her. Know her? No? Her name's Eva Murray, and of no importance.

To look at, she's pretty but commonplace."

"I noticed her a few minutes ago. I grant you the commonplace."

"Well, most of the time her face has had the usual expression—the expression that a woman puts on with the powder for social purposes. But I caught her just now at a moment when she was neither talking nor listening; she allowed herself a moment's absent-mindedness. Her story seemed to come up into her eyes; her face was transfigured, ecstatic and pathetic. It only lasted a moment, and it was not very becoming—made her look seven years older. She was quite right to change it for that metallic, insincere brightness. But none the less if we were in possession of Miss Murray's private history, we should find a paradise-period in it."

"Really, Miss Wycherley? If you can tell as much as that from a momentary change of expression, I shall be very much afraid of you. Suppose, for instance, that you were to guess all my horrible past."

"One can only guess such things vaguely and occasionally. I—I don't think you've had a horrible past, but——" she stopped short.

"Well?"

"Isn't it quite absurd that we should have a fog at this time of year. I call it perfectly preposterous."

"Perfectly. Well? You had a sentence to finish."

"I'm not quite sure how I was going to finish it: you must let me think."

At that moment the matronly lady on the other side secured Claudius:

"Now, Mr. Sandell, I haven't seen you for an age, and when we *do* meet you *don't* talk to me."

"Ah!" said Claudius, "Mr. Severn has given me no chance. A selfish man, I'm afraid, Lady Dunwich."

"Very nicely put. On a French model, I should say. Now do you know anything about guinea-pigs. I am *most* anxious to find out about them, and Mr. Severn knows nothing. My daughter Ella (you remember the child) keeps them, or I should say *did* keep them. There were thirteen. They died at intervals—I mean they died one after another. Beautifully kept, died perfect, everything all right—and yet they died. So very annoying to poor Ella. Can you explain it?"

"It looks to me like foul play. It is mysterious—even romantic. Has Ella an enemy? Had the guinea-pigs an enemy?"

"You really suggest the most horrible things. You don't think a good vet——"

"Oh, his evidence would be useful. You want the police, detectives, the vengeance of the law."

"But, Mr. Sandell, I assure you I do not; I refuse, positively, to go to law about anything. I am *not* going to stand up in a public witness-box with a young man in a foolish wig paid to be impertinent to me."

The hostess was already making her preparations for departure when Claudius got free from Lady Dunwich and turned again to Angela.

"You have a moment in which to finish that sentence. Please do it. You do not think I have a horrible past, but——"

"It's only a conjecture. You'll laugh at it, I think—I'm inclined to think you have something very important at stake just now."

She rose with the rest of the women. She had dropped a glove; Claudius picked it up, saying, as he gave it to her: "No, I'm not amused at your conjecture—it is right."

Then followed what seemed to Claudius a waste of time. The man who chatted with him over the coffee thought him slightly absent-minded, as indeed he was. The days of the octave had suddenly acquired a value for him far beyond the value of material luxury and enjoyment. Plans formed themselves rapidly, one after another, in his mind.

When the men entered the drawing-room afterwards, Angela Wycherley wondered what Claudius would do. She did not want him to come and talk to her just at first. He did not. She saw him go up to Lady Verrider and chat with her for a few moments. Then, at his request, Lady Verrider took him up to Mrs. Wycherley and presented him to her. Claudius was not always reckless. He could do wise things at times.

Mrs. Wycherley found him delightful. He had known their old friend Mr. Burnage at Cambridge. She was the soul of indiscretion, and he heard with a flickering smile that Angela had refused Burnage. On the question of her own health, however, Mrs. Wycherley showed what was for her an unusual reticence. But he understood that she was a



"WELL, CLAUDIUS, I'M NOT BLIND"

sufferer, and was quite sympathetic. He was mildly amazed to find that this was the mother of Angela, but he recognised that she really had the good heart of which Lady Verrider had spoken. She spoke of her daughter Angela with pride but slightly concealed, and told stories of her childhood. The wayward Angela had had rather a naughty childhood. Mrs. Wycherley was expecting to have a few friends at her house on the following evening—the Sunday evening. She wondered many things, and apologised too much; but Claudius was delighted and said that he would come. Mrs. Wycherley was equally delighted to find that he was going to Guilbridge. He was so considerate, so interesting, had such a pleasant manner. She decided to find out more about him from Lady Verrider. She glanced across at her daughter Angela, and for the moment her imagination ran riot.

The drawing-room gradually emptied. Lady Dunwich and several other guests were going on to a dance. Mrs. Wycherley began to be a little uneasy. The hired brougham (it was never less than that when she dined with great wealth or slight title) had not come, and was already twenty minutes late. It was not the first time that it had defected. Claudius crossed the room and sat down beside Angela.

"I have been making your mother ask me for to-morrow night," he said. "It was very good of her."

"It was kind of you," said Angela, demurely.

"Yes," he said smiling, "I am never unnecessarily severe with myself, Miss Wycherley. May I say how glad I shall be to meet you again? I think we have some—some explanations."

"Yes," she said, looking down, "we have. And yet—well, you must not think that my unfortunately right guess compels you at all to tell me anything that you would rather not tell."

"Nor to believe that it would be of the least interest to you."

"Mamma is going, I see. Good-night, Mr. Sandell."

She gave him her pretty hand. "And,"—she hesitated a little—"it would interest me."

Mrs. Wycherley wished to know if she might have a cab called—a four-wheeler, please. For some reason or other her

brougham had not come, and it was really most annoying.

"One moment, Mrs. Wycherley," said Claudius. "My carriage is waiting, and I shall not be going yet for some little time. I would be pleased and proud if you would allow it to take you and your daughter home and then come back for me."

Mrs. Wycherley was infinitely obliged. It was very kind of Mr. Sandell, and really if it was not giving trouble she thought she would. Reassured on this point, and with her hand warmly shaken, she and Angela departed.

"Son of Sir Constantine Sandell," she thought to herself, "keeps his own carriage and is a very charming young man. Obviously much attracted by Angela. Ah! if it could only be!" The poor lady had given up hoping much. To her feminine and most intimate friends and contemporaries she said frankly that Angela simply would not look at a man.

Lady Verrider, Geoffrey Severn and Claudius were left together.

"I say, Jane," said Geoffrey, "if you've done with me now, I've got a sort of half-appointment at the club. You might come there too, Sandell."

"You may go," said Lady Verrider. "You've behaved very nicely, and I'm very grateful to you. Shan't let you take Claudius though, because I want him myself. Good-night, Geoffrey, and thanks again."

When they were alone, Lady Verrider went to the fire-place, rested an arm on the mantel-piece and gazed into a quaint Venetian mirror. Her back was turned on Claudius as she spoke:

"Well, Claudius, I'm not blind. I have eyes and see. I don't want you to tell me what you think of my Angela. I know. What difference does it make?"

"The future is not in my own hands. Nothing can alter that—after next Saturday."

"You mean that seriously?"

"Yes."

"I would give worlds to know what hideous trouble you have got yourself into. I have been a friend to you since you were a baby, and you tell me next to nothing. Why do you stop at a hotel, and why don't you stop here with me? Why should I lose your confidence?"

She stamped her foot impatiently.

"My dear lady, you have not lost my confidence in the very slightest. I should be very glad to accept your hospitality, but my plans are changed. I am going into the country on Monday."

"Are you going to the Wycherleys on Sunday night?"

"Yes."

"Is it to Guilbridge that you are going on Monday?"

"Yes."

"Knowing that she will be there?"

"Yes."

Lady Verrider turned round and faced him.

"Claudius, my good friend, I'm going to speak to you very plainly. There is a chance that the girl may get fond of you. I think she will. And then? And then you suddenly leave her without a word, pass out of her life, drop her, leave her humiliated and puzzled. You cannot do that."

"I do not think there is much chance of what you say. But I propose to tell her as soon as I decently can, at least as much as I have told you."

"Your intimacy with her seems to have progressed sufficiently rapidly. I know that you cannot do anything dishonourable. I have the utmost faith

in you, but you're human—a man, and not a god; and she is human—poor, pretty Angela. You may explain to her that you cannot marry, but that will not prevent the chance that she may fall in love with you."

"And," said Claudius, rising, "I am unwilling to risk on so slight a chance the utmost happiness I have ever had. Do I not speak frankly to you now? The days are so few that are left me. Trust me a little further."

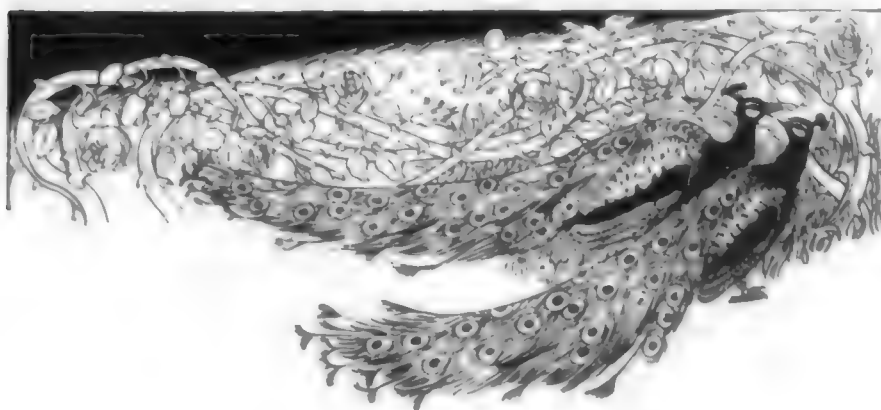
"I hope the best," Lady Verrider said. "Women go by siege, man by assault. The days are few, certainly, and it is possible no harm may be done to her. But I'm anxious."

"Tell me," she added, "is this a money matter?"

"No, dear lady," he said. "Money could not help me. I know your kindness though, and do believe that I am very grateful for it. Good-night."

"Good-night, then, Claudius. Let me know if I can help you in any way, and in any case write to me."

As he stepped from his carriage into the hotel, he heard above the sound of the traffic, the clang and chime from many steeples. The first day of the octave was over.



Black and White Artists of To-Day.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS

SECOND PART.

LEWIS BAUMER is a young artist who began work at the Royal Academy Schools. Six years ago he turned his attention to black and white, and since then he has contributed many drawings to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Pall Mall Budget*, *Idler*, *Sketch*, *St. James's Budget* and *Pick-Me-Up*.

James Greig is a native of Arbroath and came to London six years ago to fill a post in a small library in Marylebone. His reason for accepting this position was that he might get to London and see if it were possible to make any headway in the world of art. At first his hopes were very small, for, practically, he was engaged in the library every day



LEWIS BAUMER

From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell

W. Skeogh Cumming was born in Edinburgh in 1865, and studied at the School of Design there, having received his first lessons from his father, who had been a designer. He has painted, chiefly in water-colour, numerous portraits and military pictures, and in his capacity of painter knows the Highlands and their history as thoroughly as Mr. Neil Munro does as a writer. His pictures include *The Royal Company of Archers*, *The Scottish Bench and Bar* and *An Incident at Kandahar*. Some admirable work done for *Black and White* would alone suffice to bring him within the scope of this article.



W. S. CUMMING

From a photograph by W. Crooke, Edinburgh

from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m. and from 3 to 6 o'clock on Sundays. However, he kept plodding away, stealing long hours from the night; and one day, with fear and trembling, he mounted the steps which led to the art editor of *Black and White*. There was fully a dozen brown parcels which had to be examined before his turn came, and he was in the act of turning away when the porter caught sight of him and said he would take in his name. That was done, and in due course he himself was shown before Mr. Brækstad, then art editor, with the result that Greig was commissioned to do a series of drawings of Fleet Street,

which subsequently appeared in *Black and White*. From that time work came to him slowly but surely, until at length he felt justified in leaving the library altogether. That was three

years ago; and during the sixteen months he stayed in Paris he acted as representative of *Black and White*. He returned to London at the end of July, 1896, and if he was not altogether con-

vinced of the superiority of French art teaching, he felt that the atmosphere of Paris and the vitality and freedom of Parisians were an influence and an education of the utmost value to the artistic temperament.

Bernard F. Gribble is a man whose interests are all with matters marine. He paints sea-pictures, and his drawings are mostly pictures of ships, whether they be sailing vessels of the olden type or the equally romantic, but less picturesque, ironclads of to-day. His work in this kind is exceeding well known to readers of *Black and White*, to which journal he is a constant contributor.

John Gülich was born at Wimbledon in 1865, and educated at Charterhouse; on leaving school he entered his father's business in Mincing Lane, and remained there seven years. He began drawing for the comic press in 1884, chiefly for *Scraps*, and three years later got regular work on the *Pictorial World*. Later came work for the *Strand*, *Idler*, *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Cassell's* and *Black and White*. He now devotes almost all his time to the *Graphic*. He received no regular artistic training, but worked at Heatherley's, and is a member of the Langham Sketching Club.

Miss Chris Hammond received most of her training at the Lambeth School of



years ago, and early in 1895, Mr. Robert Barr, then editor of *The Idler*, suggested that he should go to Paris for a time. That was the very thing Greig desired, and forthwith he went to the great art centre with plenty of work

Art. There were two sketch clubs, a junior and a senior, and she belonged to each in turn, winning prizes in each. The practise of the students of half-hour sketches from each other after regular working hours was another help: this

was much encouraged by an excellent master, Mr. J. H. Smith. After Lambeth Miss Hammond had three years at the Royal Academy Schools, and while a student there began to illustrate for papers. Her first success was with a story by "Luke Sharp" in a Christmas number of the *Detroit Free Press*, and the following year her drawings for one by Rudyard Kipling, *The Story of*



B. F. GRIBBLE

Badelia Herodsfoot, won a good deal of praise and led to more work. Thus the artist has prospered. She did a good deal for *Pick-Mc-Up* at one time, and has worked for the *English Illustrated Magazine*, *St. Paul's*, the *Illustrated London News* and the *Queen*. She is now chiefly engaged upon books, has recently illustrated three of Miss Edgworth's stories for Macmillan's, and is doing two more; also



JOHN GULICH

Marmontel's *Moral Tales* and *Sir Charles Grandison* for George Allen and Co., an illustrated edition of *Esmond*, just published by Sance and Paton, and divers serial stories in the publications of Cassell and Co. You hardly wonder that she declares: "I have as much work as I can possibly get through at present."

Dudley Hardy's work is so well known that it needs no description, and has been so exceeding widely distributed that it were easiest to make a list of the illustrated journals in which it has not appeared. His largest public knows him because of the in-



MISS CHRIS HAMMOND
From a photograph by E. Wheeler,
Brighton

numerable drawings he has contributed to *Pick-Me-Up*; he was one of the original artists of the *Idler*; and he has drawn for *Black and White* and the *Sketch*. He is a gifted painter, and is one of the few Englishmen who have produced good posters: perhaps the only one who has designed more than a single example worthy of that epithet, and certainly the only one who has done so many of such merit both as advertisements and as mitigations of the ugliness of public hoardings.

Paul Hardy had artists for grandfather, father, and mother, so that it is hardly to be wondered at that



DUDLEY HARDY, R.B.A.
From a photograph by Walery

he began to draw at a very early age. Knowing his work, it is easy to understand his confession that armoured knights figured largely in his earlier pictures, and that he was, as he remains, a devout admirer of the wonderful drawings of Sir John Gilbert. He was educated in Clifton, where he passed all his early life. Coming at last to London in 1886, he settled for a time in Chelsea, and

working on a set of drawings of "Scenes from Mediæval Life," for the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

A. S. Hartrick was born in 1864, and educated at Fettes College. He matriculated at Edinburgh University with the intention of studying medicine. This design, however, was very soon abandoned, and in 1884 he began the study



PAUL HARDY

began working in black and white for Mr. J. D. Cooper and Messrs. Cassell and Co. Since then he has always had his hands full—having drawn for very many publishers. When *Black and White* was started he was asked to join the staff, and had a drawing or two in the first number. Other productions have followed at intervals ever since. His work has appeared in nearly every number of *The Strand* since that magazine was started. He has lately been

of art under Professor Legros at the Slade Schools in London. He also studied in Paris under Boulanger and Cormon. It was there, at the Salon of 1887, that he first exhibited. In 1890 he joined the staff of the *Daily Graphic*, and three years later transferred his services to the *Pall Mall Budget*. He is a member of the New English Art Club, and chairman of the Society of Illustrators. He has just completed the difficult task of illustrating a volume of Kipling's "Sol-



A. S. HARTRICK

From a photograph by Distor, Leven

dier Stories," which will probably have been published by Macmillan and Co. before these lines appear in print.

L. Raven Hill has been connected for some years past with most of our best known illustrated papers. He has drawn a great deal for *Pick-Me-Up*, of which

come to look on him as the lineal successor of the late Charles Keene.

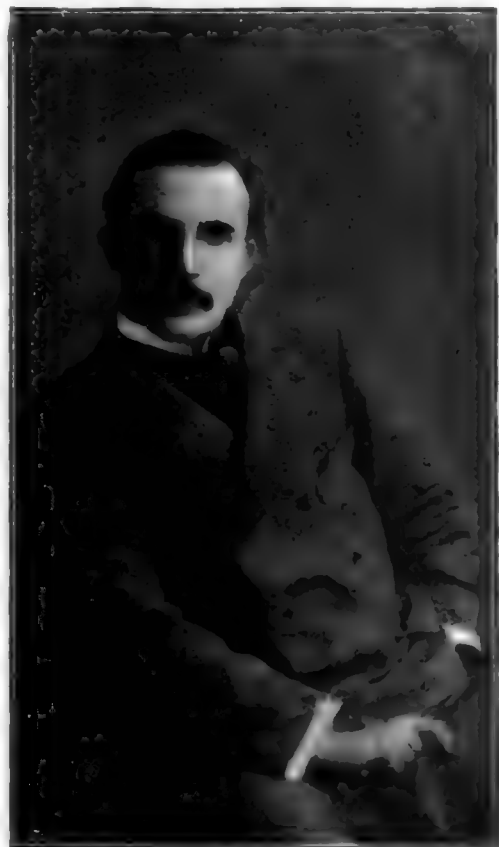
Hal Hurst is an artist whose work has been seen in most of the illustrated



RAVEN HILL.

From a photograph by Martin and Sallnow

he was at one time art-editor, and much of his best work appeared in the defunct *Butterfly*. He started the unfortunate *Unicorn*, and readers of *Punch* have



HAL HURST

periodicals of the day. He is perhaps best known for the drawings contributed to the *Idler*, where he has often illustrated Anthony Hope. He has, however, worked extensively for most of the other high-class English illustrated journals, including *Black and White*.

G. Grenville Manton was the son of a well-known gun-maker, of Dover Street, Piccadilly. Through a serious accident his childhood was passed in extreme delicacy of health, which greatly handicapped him as a schoolboy and afterwards as a student of the Royal Academy of Arts, the schools of which he entered at the age of nineteen. In the following year he became a medallist and exhibitor, and for eleven consecutive

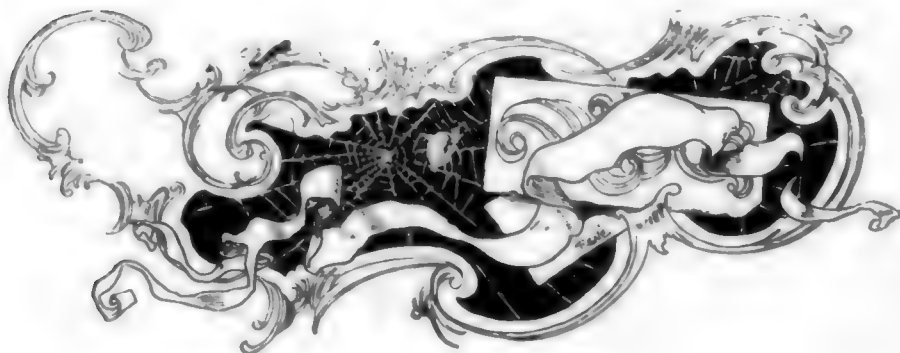
years his work was to be seen on the walls of the Academy. He then went to the United States to execute some commissions for portraits and exhibited at

the National Academy, New York. Previous to this he spent some time in Algeria. One of his most important pictures was purchased by the late Mr. George Shaw, and presented to the Guildhall Gallery for the permanent exhibition. On his return from America he became one of the staff-artists of *Black and White*, for which journal he has worked since its commencement, at the same time illustrating stories

for some of the monthly magazines. Some three years ago, he, with two other members of the staff of *Black and White*, founded the Society of Illustrators



G. GRENVILLE MANTON



Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF PETER HUMBY.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE.



CHAPTER I.

IT would have been difficult to find a plainer man than Peter Humby. There was not one of his features which bore even a distant kinship with another. Whole cycles of evolution yawned between some of them, for though his nose was characteristically Napoleonic, belonging therefore to our century, his forehead was aboriginal, while his eyes and brows suggested a possibility of having been wrested entire from the countenance of some early and heathen Chinese. To make matters worse he had the complexion of a negro and a shock of light-red hair. The whole effect was singular and striking, but from the moment it loomed on your horizon you made up your mind that Peter Humby was about the least attractive looking person it had been your misfortune to meet.

The human mind is variable, its tastes diverse, yet I do not remember to have heard two even slightly differing opinions on the subject. Nor have I known anybody modify his first impression and say, as one does say, "Well, after all, when you get accustomed to him, Peter is not so absolutely hideous." He was as hideous at the end of twenty years as he had been on the day when you first met him. I imagine it must have been the irrelation of his features which aroused a kind of chronological confusion in the mind. A silk hat is not perhaps an altogether unlovely thing, inasmuch as it possesses attributes of symmetry and sleekness, but worn with a toga or a kilt it would produce in you much the same sort of exasperation Humby's face did.

Of course Humby was married: one never yet came across a man or a woman sufficiently plain who was not, plainness possessing its own inherent charm. Of course, also, he was married to the prettiest woman in the village. It was said that when Humby went courting he could have had his pick of the very comeliest girls. The confusion produced in their minds by those incongruous features of his resulted in a kind of fatal and irresistible fascination. And the village belle broke off her engagement with the village beau in order to give Humby an opportunity of proposing to her.

But even this triumph did not dissipate the gloom as to his looks, which haunted him up to the period of middle age. From the hour of his birth his mother proclaimed herself ashamed of him, repudiating her responsibility in the matter by avowing everywhere that if she had had the modelling of him, she would have turned out a very different article. She maintained sturdily, and it may be confessed also wordily, that her poor ugly duckling must of necessity "favour" his father's family, for nobody on her side had ever had such looks, an affront which Humby senior invariably retorted to by repairing straightway to the "Spotted Pig." It may be imagined that this particular bone of contention, resuscitated by one or other of his parents once at least in the course of every week, did not tend to raise poor Peter in his own esteem. And indeed had I not a "happy ever after" ending to this unlucky fellow's story I should never have had the heart to set out upon it.

Humby was some fifty years of age when I first knew him. He was then a

sullen-tempered, curt-spoken man of feeble brain and sour humour. To what extent his manners and character had suffered from the obloquy attaching to his

ugliness upon him, uttering blood chilling cries. The most careful of the housewives went out of their way to buy their milk elsewhere, regarding it as next to impos-



"FAMILIAR SEEMING FACES"

features it were difficult to say. But so far as one could learn, he had at no time been affable. He was a milkman by occupation, and walked the roads twice daily with his twofold yoke of milk and

sible that a milkman of such looks should not curdle the contents of his transplendent cans. But he was an industrious, hard-working man, and he had his supporters.

CHAPTER II.

NOW there also lived in the village a Slade Professor, a notable artist and member of the Royal Academy. The Professor had founded an Art-School, and, reviving the fashion of a by-gone day, was friend and master to his students. Since its foundation, the village had furnished this school with rustic models, so that the stranger walking through its straggling high street and its lanes, would come upon familiar-seeming faces, which, idealised on canvas, had been lifted to the honourable altitude of Gallery walls. In time it happened that there were but few houses in the village which had not provided at least one model, a child, a mother, or a grandfather, for the students to make "studies" from. Only the most highly favoured by nature, however, attained the dignity of figuring in finished pictures.

Now I need scarcely tell you that Humby had never been harassed by importunities to "sit." Indeed this was one of the chief causes of his complaining, a tacit endorsement by the school of the village verdict. For Humby by no means shared the general impression on the subject of his looks. He examined his features in detail, and found some of them to be better even than those of his neighbours. To examine them in detail was of course the very thing he should not have done had he sought unprejudiced opinion; but it may be unprejudiced opinion was the last thing he was seeking. He had noticed, in a house to which he carried milk, a coloured print of Napoleon, and his sensitive vanity had in a moment detected some likeness in that of the hero to his one good feature. After this he always sturdily maintained that he had "a nose like a picter, which were a precious sight more than a many others could say." And he eyed with brooding detestation all such persons as, not having noses like "picters," yet "sat" to the students for their three hours' study.

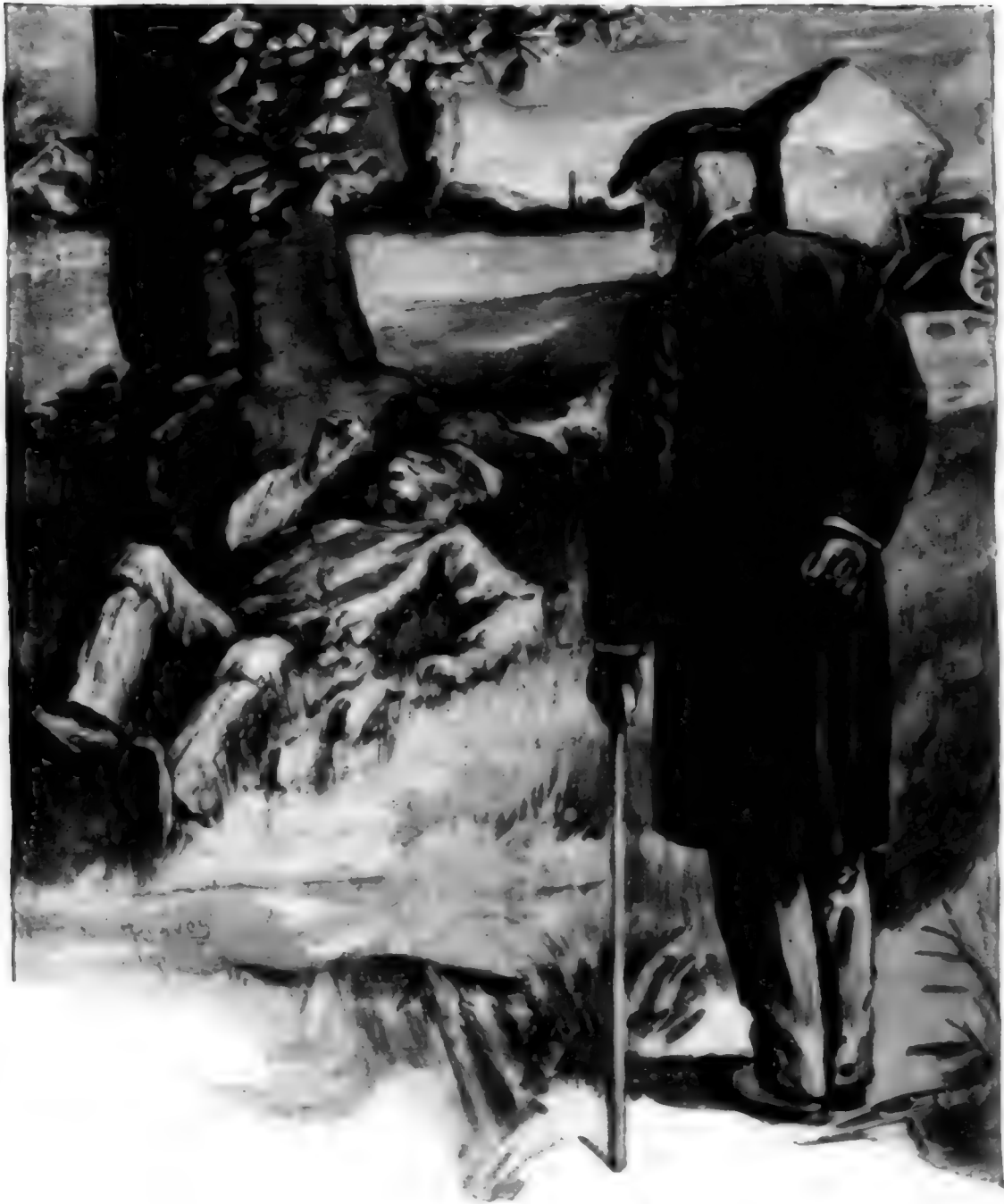
Now things with Humby were bad indeed, for the next ugliest person in the village—a man he had always secretly delighted to believe a good many degrees more ugly than himself—had, partly by virtue of a dearth of models, but chiefly because of a certain stalwart build of chest, been sent for to the studio. For a whole week Humby did never a stroke of work, but lay out on his back all day

beneath an elm tree chewing the cud of bitter introspection. "Jacob ain't got a nose like a picter," he soliloquised, regarding his cherished feature from time to time in a fragment of looking-glass he carried in his pocket for that purpose. "Then why put Jacob *in* a picter?"

As luck would have it, while he lay rolling his prone uncouthness sullenly from side to side, anathematising the fate which allowed his one merit to escape recognition, the Professor passed his way.

The students had not of late been pleasing him. Some unexplained laxity of aim and falling away from the very catechism of his creed had set them striving after meretricious effect. They had imbibed a taste for sentiment and smoothness. The apotheosis of the "tea-tray" was imminent, the oleograph held the floor. The Professor had been at his wit's end as to how he should stem the tide of wishy-washiness that had set in. The worst of it was that their dangerous and fellow self-applauding lapse was encouraged by their aunts and cousins. "Dear and honoured Professor," a student's grand-uncle had that morning written him, "though an old man, I must make the journey of a hundred miles in order to shake you by the hand. You have *made* our Archie. I shall live to see him President. I have done something in art myself and know what I am talking about. Those cows in his last picture are as smooth and finely finished as if they had been cut out of velvet. I never saw a better bit of painting. And the bunch of roses in the foreground might easily pass for wax, it is so exquisitely modelled." It says something for the Professor's powers of moderation that on reading this effusion he came to the end without using any epithet stronger than "Good Heavens!"

The rays of the westering sun shot low beneath the branches of the tree where Humby lay, his face upturned, his eyes closed obstinately. From the point at which the Professor stood the Napoleonic nose was thrown up vividly against the tree trunk, the aboriginal brows, the Mongolian upward slit of the lids, the negro mouth and colouring, the pale red hair, illuminated by a flood of rosy light, surpassed themselves. The



"HOW THE FELLOW GETS ON ONE'S NERVES"

Professor gazed. A smile broke slowly over his face. He chuckled. He rubbed his hands. "I fancy Humby's drawing would settle them," he mused. "If they get any of the pretty-pretty into that they are cleverer than even they suspect." Succumbing to the awful fascination inseparable from them, he lingered scanning the sun-suffused features. "By Jove," he broke out, "how the fellow gets on one's nerves. I should not particularly care to tackle him myself. Yes, I'll give them Humby. I say, my man!" he concluded aloud.

"Durned ef I be yourn nor any other felly's man," the prostrate Humby growled,

his eyes still obstinately closed. The Professor marked the way in which the Mongolian lids assumed a still more upward slant, and how the nose came villainously down to their possessor's mood. Again he chuckled. He imagined Humby would sober them!

"Get up, Peter" he said, "I want to talk to you."

"Then I'm danged ef all the wantin' beant on your side, for I'm bothered ef any uv it be on mine," the amiable Peter retorted. His countenance relaxed as if he congratulated himself on having got the better of an adversary. Perhaps he was looking for its effect, for he suddenly

sat up and opened his eyes. "O it's you, Purfessur," he grunted, more civilly.

"Yes. Do you want a job?"

"No, I'm smothered ef I do." He flung himself down on his back again and shut up his eyes with an air of dismissing the subject and its propounder.

"O, very well," the artist said, moving away, "only I thought you might like to sit to the students."

Humby sat up again, this time with energy.

"Wot be that, maister?" he cried. "Say it again, maister."

"Would you like to sit up at the studio?"

"Me—like—to—set?"

The Professor nodded.

"Pete Umby?"

"Peter Humby."

Peter turned it over in his mind with a deliberation in which uncertainty had no share. Then he slapped his thigh. "Blest ef I wouldn't," he blustered.

"Be at the studio to-morrow at nine then," the Professor called out as he walked away.

Humby gazed after him long. Then he took out his scrap of looking-glass and studied his feature complacently. "Dom'd ef I didn't think they'd come to it!" he ejaculated and smiled. Fortunately for itself and for him the glass was not wide enough to attempt his smile!

CHAPTER III.

WITH a serious face the Professor presented their new model to his class. Ridicule, rage, rebellion, were depicted on their countenances as the top light fell on Peter's feature, and his forehead shelving violently back into the shade, gave him an exasperating effect of having a face that began at the root of his nose. He had combed out his shock of rusty hair till it stood around him like a tepid halo, making a gruesome jar with his bronze and weather-beaten skin. The students in the foreground murmured and shuffled their feet, those further off grumbled *sotto voce*, while those in the rear gave snorts of disgust. One cried "Good Lord!"

The Professor passed the several rows in review with a quiet eye, demanding silence. In two minutes it had come. He then began: "Gentlemen, we have been travelling a bit too fast of late. We have been giving too free a rein to flowery fancy. Sentiment and Romanticism are well enough when they do not lead us to forget that one of the functions of art is to make itself intelligible. We have to speak to mortals less highly gifted than ourselves. In order that the general public—and, gentlemen, the general public is a factor in life—in order therefore that we shall be in some measure in touch with this factor, we are reduced to the necessity of presenting our ideas sufficiently like to nature that this general public shall be able to recognise the things we paint for the things we intend. Such commonplaces as cows and cradles should be distinguish-

able as cows and cradles, and should not be so rendered as to be possibly mistaken the one for the other, or for some third object—a haystack, for example. Nor in our repudiation of the realistic should we permit our cows and cradles to assume the semblance and texture of clouds. You have heard how Opie mixed his colours 'with brains, sir.' Let me suggest to you, gentlemen, if brains be not available, that you should nevertheless choose some medium of a firmer consistency than milk-and-water. Let me recommend you to return to common earth. Put aside hyperbole. Learn to paint cows. Learn to paint cradles. And though bones are not ethereal, do not altogether ignore them in your studies of the human form! To assist you in reverting to the real, I have procured for you a child of nature (*groans*), a subject which shall give your idealistic faculties a spell of well-earned rest. I have obtained for you a model—Peter Humby (*ironical cheers, and cries of 'Good old Humby'*) a model, 'good old Humby' as you say." Here the Professor levelled his dark eyes quietly on the loudest of the murmurers. A moment later you could have heard a pin drop. "Peter Humby," the Professor resumed, "the complex and intricate drawing in whose face will take your attention off its nobler attributes of symmetry and sentiment. The tints of his hair, gentlemen (*smothered ironical groans*), the tints of his hair, gentlemen, in juxtaposition with the tints of his complexion (*groans a little louder*), with the tints of his complexion—as I said the

tints of his hair, gentlemen, in juxtaposition (*the faintest of groans*), the tints of his hair, as I was saying, gentlemen, in juxtaposition with the tints of his complexion"—the Professor paused indulgently—"will prove to you an

Humby's nose and forehead, gentlemen, combined with his rare obliquity of eyes and brows, will do you good service in intricate drawing. The mouth—is that you again, Jones? You would do better to be advised—I was about to point out that the mouth of our admirable model will try your skill in both colour and drawing. And if any two of you agree as to the combination of pigments which shall faithfully portray his eyes, I shall be surprised. Gentlemen, let me commend to your industry and attention our model Peter Humby, of whom I should like you to make faithful and repeated sketches until you have mastered one of the most interesting and complex studies it has been my privilege to present to you. I should not, I think, in his case adopt any classic or heroic draperies. These would under the circumstances be superfluous. The man is admirable as he stands. And now, gentlemen, to your work!"



"RIDICULE, RAGE AND REBELLION WERE DEPICTED ON THEIR COUNTENANCES"

invaluable lesson in relative tones. The modelling of his nose and forehead (*a laugh*). Jones, your cough distresses you"—the Professor rested a tranquil eye on the offender—"perhaps the studio heat is too much for you. I will excuse you if you wish. No? Are you prudent in remaining? The modelling of Peter

was a vision of my old friend Humby. He was mounted on a dilapidated cart, which, having dropped by the wayside, nobody had made it his business to remove.

A crowd of youngsters stood about him, whispering one with another, and eyeing him with mixed looks of awe and fear.

CHAPTER IV.

I WAS some months absent from the village. On my return the first thing that impressed me



"MOUNTED UPON A DILAPIDATED CART"

He stood above them with an exalted mien, holding one arm aloft, and with the other sawed the air. His old hat tilted jauntily to one side, was bound about with lace and ribbons, and upright in the front of it was set an ostrich feather. Such colour as this once had known had been washed away by the weather, and the wind had broken it in sundry places, so that it drooped dismally. Round his throat were a couple of rabbit-skins, tied like a woman's boa with a bunch of ribbons. A pink and green rosette was pinned to one shoulder, a spray of dirty artificial flowers to the other. His trousers were tucked high up his calves and their edges were frilled with torn lace. He wore one blue stocking and one red, and about his ankles hung strings of beads. A length of scarlet baize fell sashwise from his waist, and from each end of this sash dangled an empty lobster tin. There was scarcely an inch of him which was not decked with odds-and-ends, ribbons, berries, flowers or silver paper. And out of all this bedizenry loomed Peter's face, uglier than ever, if that were possible—but happy, supremely and ecstatically happy. He had vindicated his appearance. He had proved the village wrong. Art had claimed him for her own. His nose had found its way into many scores of "picters," and one of these—a study, the cleverness of which showed the Professor to have been in the right when he "gave them Humby"—had held a place of honour in "the New." Since then he had never done a stroke of work, but, handing the milk-business over to his eldest son, spent his time declaiming, posing and generally vaunting himself before his neighbours.

He recognised me with a nod and a gleam of the supremest self-complacency. Then he re-assumed his grave demeanour, and began to speak, the children nudging

one another, giggling and whispering, but keenly interested. "There was me," he said, "a-living all a-the-midst uv ye, a deliverin' melk same as ef I'd been the hordinerest. Till the Purfessur he come along when I was lyin' hunder that there helm, and sez he to 'em he've the hintricutest face 'sever I sced. There's tints in 'im and tones in 'im. 'Is nose and 'is forrid is modled like ez ef it wuz a 'umin form. Genelmen, ef you wants to be genrally at the 'public' paint 'em cows and cradles: Genelmen, ef you wants to be genrally at the 'public' paint 'em clouds! Genelmen, ef you wants to be genrally at the 'public' paint 'em Umby! And genelmen, sez he 'none o' yer melk-and-water—that aint Umby's style. He ain't no adulter. 'Is melk's fust-rate, tho' 'is son Zeke now carries of it. He's a child o' nater. Genelmen,' sez he, 'the modlin' o' Peter Umby's nose and forrid is just sich a posishun with the tints o' his 'air combined with a raal alikuity uv heyes and brows ull do ye the goodest turn I know. Genelmen,' he goes on, 'Peter Umby's eyes is sich as I defy two uv ye together, 'ard as ye may try, to paint. Genelmen, I recommend to yer careful hindustry Mr. Umby. Master 'im. Study 'im. He's a hintrest and a complix ez it's been my privilidge to meet. Genelmen, Mr. Umby don't need clo's. E's hadmirable ez he stands. Genelmen, some fellies wants classy clo's, and some fellies wants harmour, same ez yer own feyther Jake Welch (addressing one of the youngsters) were put in at the stodyo to cover 'isself up with. But Mr. Umby don't call for nayther. Genelmen, Umby is hadmirable. Good old Umby! Give 'im three times three! Which they did—'earty, and then the Purfessur he looks straight afore 'im. 'And now, genelmen,' he sez sharp, 'git to work. Mr. Umby's a-waitin.'"



Sunny Algiers.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

EVERY winter sees an augmented annual exodus to North Africa, and certain it is that increasing numbers of travellers from this country yearly seek in the hot sunshine and dry air of Algiers or its surrounding oases for rest, for health, and for escape

illustrate our article, its name, *Al-jezar*, in the Arabic, signifies "the islands," and it was so called from four insular prominences which formerly stood separately in the harbour, but which are now connected with the mainland. The capital of Algeria was built about 935 A.D., by

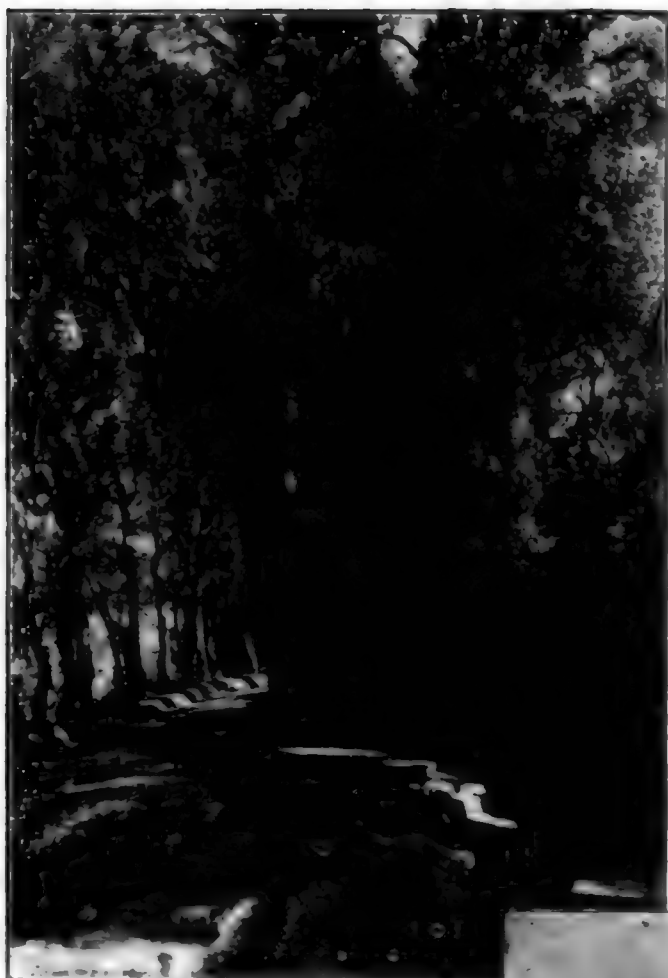


VIEW OF THE TOWN

from those grim climatic vagaries denominated in the bulk as an English winter. The Faculty widely recognises the value of Algiers in all chest disorders, and, under French control, she now offers the advantages of a valuable sanatorium to the world.

Of the city, in whose streets and neighbourhood the Rev. E. Husband took those excellent photographs which

an Arab chieftain, and the city, now as then, rises from the sea in the form of an equilateral triangle upon the sides of precipitous elevations stretching immediately upwards above the shore. The base of the triangle measures rather more than a mile in length, and at its apex there stands the Kasbah, or ancient fortress of the Deys—a stronghold commanding the entire town, and raised five



THE VALLEY OF CONSULS

hundred feet above the level of the sea. Algiers to-day is divided into two distinct halves: the ancient, or high town, and the modern, or low town. Of these the last, which has been mainly built by the French since their occupation in 1830, is also chiefly inhabited by them. With the exception of occasional mosques, new Algiers consists of wide wharfs, lofty warehouses, important public buildings, with good square streets and private habitations. But the old town still remains entirely Moorish, both as to its edifices and inhabitants. A striking contrast obtains between these sections of the city, and while in the modern French quarter a traveller might easily believe he was yet in Europe, elsewhere, within ancient Algiers, such a supposition would be quite impossible. But old and new merge around

various districts and at various points; and where extends the great glory of the city — the Boulevard de la République, with its vast terrace, erected, between 1860 and 1866, by Sir Morton Peto, a marvellous crowd, recruited from all corners of the globe, amazes the beholder. Here every civilised nation is represented, and in the briefest stroll a man may rub shoulders with Arabs and Moors, French and Spaniards, Britons and Germans, Jews, Maltese and Italians.

Naturally, the old Moorish town, with its quaint records of a far past and wealth of historic antiquities, commands more interest than modern Algiers. The earlier dwellings are square, solid, and flat-roofed. They rise irregularly, tier on tier, up the steep hillside, and possessing no windows to the streets, but only peep-holes protected



CURIOUS VEGETATION

by iron bars, they have the general appearance of prison-houses packed closely together. Mosques and the tombs of saints break the monotony of these squat habitations, and the brilliant garments of the women, and gay turbans and flying draperies of the men, lend an ever changing kaleidoscopic play of colour to the brilliant sunshine and purple shadows of the steep streets, brilliant bazaars, and open places of the mart.

Thanks to French energy and expenditure, the port and harbour of Algiers is now as safe as it is spacious. It possesses a fine lighthouse and is strongly fortified, while within its arms calculations prove that not less than forty modern warships and three hundred trading vessels, of ordinary dimensions, might find safe anchorage together. Certain aforesaid islands



THE HARBOUR



STORM ON THE COAST

were connected with the mainland in 1525, and the possibility of creating the fine harbour described resulted from this achievement.

Algiers is connected with Oran and Constantine by a complete system of railway, the terminus of which is at one of the harbour quays; and the town possesses many establishments and organisations well calculated to commend it alike to British travellers or residents. A college and many good schools appear among its advantages; while in addition to other establishments for the celebration of Christian worship in all shapes, an English church commands large congregations. A good library, a museum, a hospital, with various banks and theatres, also enrich the capital, and the architecture of new buildings is always considered with a view to improve

the general appearance of the town. Algiers is the chief port of the country's commerce, and a busy trade there prevails. The chief exports are wheat and wine, in increasing quantities, dates and other fruits, with timber, cork, and alfa, or esparto grass—of which last important commodity the Algerian table-lands furnish an inexhaustible supply. The imports which reach Algiers for the

country enjoy all the advantages of civilised rule. In a population upwards of 70,000 strong, the French numbered 16,000 only; while other European nations represented not more than 18,000 souls; but these figures date from some years ago, and it may safely be assumed that the proportion of Europeans to the main population of Moslem natives and Moors is now much greater than formerly.

Our illustrations, for the most part, tell their own story, and comprise several interesting views of the picturesque neighbourhood of Algiers. The sunny vista, with giant aloes in the foreground, and trees above, affords a fine glimpse of the city beneath; while the forest walks may well arouse delight when pursued beneath welcome shade of oak and cedar, pine and cork trees, with sweet-scented under-growth of myrtle and olive. The neighbourhood of Algiers is rich in curious tropical and sub-tropical vegetation, and a feature of every hedge and partition is the giant cactus—akin to the cochineal cactus—of which one among our pictures affords an excellent example. Palms of every sort abound, and their varied gold and green lends infinite splendour of colour to every scene. The harbour, too, is well worthy of a visit, and the pleasure boats, of which one is figured in our illustration, speedily carry the sight-seer to every point of interest. But beyond the shelter of the port the seas oftentimes run high, and great storms



THE REAL STREET ARAB

country are mainly French goods of every description; but British cottons, coal and iron, in considerable quantities, also find their way thither. Mustafa, an adjacent village, is a great summer and pleasure resort for residents of the wealthier classes, but the chance tourist or health-seeker is usually well content with the city itself, and takes up his quarters in the new town. Bright days are certainly dawning for Algiers, and after centuries of rascally and shameful government under the Turk, the foul slave traffic is ended, and both town and

occasionally break on the coast. Here a splendid spectacle after seasons of rough weather is spread below the spectator, where every giant rock lifts ebony sides above the silver foam, and the sea beyond rolls shorewards under the bright sun in tremendous sapphire ground swell, breaking to giant billows as it reaches its boundaries.

A typical little gutter-snipe concludes our picture gallery. Dirty, picturesque, and happy, he asks for nothing but dates and life, and who shall deny him either?



THE DREAM-FOLK.

WITH faces sorrow-laden the dream-folk
came last night ;
They told me you were dead, dear love,
were dead and still and white,
And bade me hasten to your bier to judge
they spoke aright.

All night I wept, and weeping strewed the
pale flowers on your pall ;
The shadows of the funeral lights mocked
me with rise and fall ;
I called you by the name you loved, you
answered not at all.

To-day I hear you singing in the garden
wet with dew :
I know not why the dream-folk came,
grieving for sake of you ;
I only know the pain was real, the tears
were very true.

WILLIAM MUDFORD.

Brought to Book.

WRITTEN BY HENRY CRESSWELL, *Author of "The Wooing of Fortune," &c.*

ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD.

"AND you have completely recovered from your disappointment about Lord Praise-Crowan?" asked the visitor.

"Disappointment is scarcely the right word, but the recovery is complete," replied Mona Dunleath unconcernedly.

She had been awaiting the question. She even suspected her former school-fellow of having called with no other motive than curiosity respecting this and, perhaps, some kindred subjects. Meanwhile her visitor, though unable to see any opening for an attack upon the frigid indifference of her reply, was reflecting: "I wish I knew whether Mona is as insensible as she pretends."

"If you were not disappointed," she continued aloud, "I was. I made sure that you would be Lady Praise-Crowan. And if that American heiress had not turned up . . . Only I suppose it was to be. One may as well imagine that. It helps to make one resigned, does it not? Every one agrees that Euphemia Woerteler has turned out just the wife for Lord Praise-Crowan. She manages his grand receptions splendidly; fascinates all the big people; and, what is more, is so interested in everything connected with politics and diplomacy that she is quite a companion for him. She must be appallingly clever! Do you remember the first time we met her; and how Lord Praise-Crowan's mother eyed her through her glasses, and called her 'La Porchère,' in allusion to the manner in which her respected papa made his millions. What a delightfully agreeable old woman the dowager is when she is in a good humour; and how vulgarly rude she can be when she chooses! They say that she still calls Lady Praise-Crowan 'La Porchère,' and that her Ladyship would give her fortune to be able to forbid her the house. Only, of course, that is impossible."

"Lord Praise-Crowan's children all worship their grandmother. And no

wonder. She is as good to them as the fairy godmother of the story books."

"It is handsome of you, Mona, to sing her praises. No woman ever hated another more than she hated you when she thought you were going to marry her son. I do not believe she has forgiven you even now."

"It does not much matter." Still the same tone of indifference.

"But tell me what you are doing yourself, dear," resumed the visitor. "It is nearly five years since we met. In the interim you have taken up some profession, have you not?"

"Profession—scarcely that."

"What is it you do? It is a bit of a secret, I know. Friends of ours were talking of you last night. I suspect you write books."

Mona Dunleath laughed. "A great many people think so," she said.

"Is it so great a mystery?"

"None at all. I go out a little, I travel a little, I am comfortable with the income my husband left me; and I amuse myself in my own way."

"They say there is a room which no one enters but yourself."

"O, no. The servants polish the floor, and do the grate, and all that; just as in all the other rooms. Here is tea. Whilst we drink it you can tell me your history."

By-and-bye the visitor left, saying to herself, "It was always impossible to get anything out of Mona. I have simply wasted my afternoon. But I should like to know if she is as indifferent about that Yankee girl having cut her out with Lord Praise-Crowan as she pretends. He would have been a grand catch for a young widow like Mona—and she all but landed him."

Possibly Mona was nevertheless indifferent. In a space of five years people become resigned about the loss of a something they have never possessed, though they may, once upon a time, have

coveted it a good deal. Also Mona had found herself an occupation that amused her. All her acquaintances were so curious about it, that she wondered at their not having discovered what it was.

"How interesting one becomes when people know nothing about one," she said to herself with a laugh, as her visitor's carriage drove away. A servant entered, with a card. "What is it, Jane?"

"A gentleman wishes to see you

"The documents are of great value, Madam. And Herr Nieburding was anxious to have them back as quickly as possible."

"Then he had better send them elsewhere. I will not be hurried. I have told him so."

"He hopes that you will be so kind as to look at them, Madam."

"What are they?"

"There are some memoranda; not



"THE RECOVERY IS COMPLETE"

privately at once, ma'am. He is in the breakfast room."

The gentleman turned out to be a sallow youth, carrying a black Gladstone bag. As Mona entered he rose, with a nervous consciousness of being in a superior presence.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded brusquely. "I have told Herr Nieburding that he is to write to me; not to send messengers here."

very many. They were found in a bag with other things. Herr Nieburding sends them all."

He produced a smart feminine-looking, crocodile-skin hand bag.

"This lock has been forced."

"It was sent so to Herr Nieburding. His client at first brought only the ciphers. But he told her that we must have everything."

"Quite right."

She had drawn from the bag a small bundle of papers, and was casting her eyes over some notes written with a lead pencil: *cic vifjpgpp flacpsd*, and similar illegible words. Besides these the bag contained a number of sketches, also made with a pencil, very poor attempts at landscapes of trees and grass meadows, all on leaves torn from a pocket memorandum book.

"Very well. I will write to Herr Nieburding. Good afternoon."

She touched the bell. The sallow youth hesitated.

"You could not give Herr Nieburding any idea when——"

"When he will hear from me? As soon as I have something to tell him."

The youth departed, crushed.

Replacing the papers in the bag, Mona Dunleath locked them in a drawer. She was going out to dinner, and it was nearly time to dress. She was equally familiar with and indifferent to Herr Nieburding's impatience. The dinner was a success and put her in good humour.

"Now a cup of coffee, and a cigarette," she soliloquised on her way home. "I feel just in the vein; and shall very likely read that rubbish at sight."

A quarter of an hour later she was reclining in a lounging chair by the fire of a small room which her friends never entered. A large writing table, a considerable number of books, and a typewriter were among its contents, and seemed to substantiate the general opinion that she had turned authoress. But the volumes on the shelves showed that her labours were of some more unusual kind. Here were John Trithemius' *Stenographia*, Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, Lord Worcester's *Century of Inventions*, and other works of the same sort, not to speak of rows of volumes lettered *Times: second column*, *Telegraph: last column*, all pointing to the same conclusion. In bygone ages the art of secret writing was held in high estimation even by Governments. The cipherers and decipherers strove manfully to outwit one another; alternately devising more difficult "cryptograms" as the method of reading easier ones was made public, and again making public the solutions of those that were more illegible. But the present century has seen a complete decay of the art for all practical purposes.

It is now used only by people who correspond in the advertisement column of newspapers, who keep journals which they wish to render illegible, or make other memoranda intended only for their own use, or that of a favoured individual entrusted with the necessary key. But so long as people use these disguises, there will be always others resolved to penetrate them, and ready to pay experts for assisting them to do so. And of modern "decipherers" Mona Dunleath was the queen.

On a low table by the lounging chair stood her coffee, and beside it the crocodile-skin bag which the sallow youth had brought. Lighting a cigarette, she drew out the memoranda in cipher and began looking at them. The one thing above all others that every "decipherer" must avoid is forming a theory. Till a real clue is discovered it is essential to remember that anything may represent anything, and that foregone conclusions are fatal. A woman's handwriting: that was evident. The language? English? Certainly not. French? The number of words of two letters looked like it. All kinds of pairs of letters. The cipher therefore was one of the more elaborate ones in which any letter may represent any other. Keeping her mind absolutely unbiassed Mona Dunleath continued to look at the illegible words. The gentle influence of the cigarette helped considerably to the maintenance of a perfectly unprejudiced attitude of thought. She was positive that what she had before her was French.

"But it is going to give me trouble," she said, laying down the papers.

The bag contained nothing else but the miserable attempts at sketches. One by one she turned them over. Not a letter or mark that could assist her on any of them. Having reached the last she held it long in her hand. The artist had an odd way of representing grass and foliage. She began to examine the sketches again. The same queer, unnatural strokes characterised them all.

A smile curled Mona Dunleath's lips. The up and down strokes of the foliage and grass were writing! A kind of shorthand. She threw the end of her cigarette into the fire.

"Clever, Madam," she said to herself. "Only a little too clever. You can't write shorthand with a cipher: and what I shall read in your pictures will

give me a key to your memoranda. I shall go to bed now and read them to-morrow."

Only she did not. She read the sketches. They were in English, not in French. And the information they

It would be a confession of defeat. Only what else was possible? She had detected the nature of the cipher. The writer at the beginning wrote one, two or three signs. There were only ten of these signs. They were therefore numerals.



"SHE DREW OUT THE MEMORANDA IN CIPHER"

contained filled her with astonishment. But not a hint could she gather from them to help her with the memoranda. At the end of a week she was seriously meditating writing to Herr Nieburding. *"I have read the sketches, but the cryptogram is illegible."*

Those numerals probably indicated either pages or chapters of a book. The letters of the book were first written down; next, beneath them, the French words to be changed into cipher; and beneath both the letter that corresponded to the pair in some table. Given the book used

a skilful decipherer would have been able to make the table. But who could hope to guess the book?

Still, Mona would not yet confess herself vanquished, and was now puzzling her brains with that apparently hopeless problem of conjecturing what book might have been employed. It ought to be some small, handy book: a book to be procured anywhere, or at least carried about without inconvenience; a companionable book that would raise no suspicion. That considerably limited the search.

Of the ten numerals she had detected only by its never occurring in the first place. And one of the memoranda was headed by two such symbols preceded by one other. That must be some number of hundreds. Was it 100? Was that page 100? Chapter 100? Line 100, or what?

One Sunday evening, in church, a sudden idea flashed across her mind. When she reached home she copied the beginning of the hundredth psalm from her Prayer Book, and wrote that memorandum under it, thus,

*obejoyfu lin th elord al l yelan
bhsnaswy . oqk . el . gsakh . vl . l . nccif.*

Ten minutes later she had written a third line—

Novembre dix, Le conte va à Paris.

The conte's address followed, and various other interesting things. The problem was solved. Only had she not hit upon the happy idea of experimenting with the Common Prayer Book the cipher might have remained illegible for ever.

Now that it was read she had learned things which presented a problem of conduct more difficult than that of the cryptogram. The documents compromised Lady Prazze-Crowan *née* Woertaler, and yclept of her mother-in-law "La Porchère."

"What a revenge," said Mona Dunleath to herself.

Only a line to Herr Nieburding, "*Unless you can ascertain the book on which this cryptogram is based it is illegible,*" and Lady Prazze-Crowan would go on until detection ensued.

"And I should be as contemptible as she," reflected Mona.

Besides, she did not wish for revenge. She was sorry for Lord Prazze-Crowan.

Finally she wrote two letters, one to

Herr Nieburding, the other to the Dowager Lady Prazze-Crowan.

She remained at home the following afternoon. She fancied the dowager might call.

Nor was she mistaken. The old noblewoman came, with all her feathers up, and with an aristocratic intention of being as rude as she could. "I think, Mrs. Dunleath," she began, "I received from you this morning the most vulgarly impertinent letter that I have ever read."

"I was particularly desirous to see you, Lady Prazze-Crowan," replied Mona very quietly. "I have something to show you."

"I shall much prefer not seeing it."

"I am sure of that. And, indeed, you are quite right. Only, perhaps you have met with works of art of this description before?" She dropped some of the pencil sketches of trees and meadows under the old woman's eye.

"Oh!" said the dowager.

Mona was speaking already. "Lady Prazze-Crowan is in the habit of drawing these ugly little views whilst her husband chats over his political and diplomatic secrets with her. That is a bad habit of Lady Prazze-Crowan's, a sort of fidgets. Of course Lord Prazze-Crowan is ignorant that the pretended drawings are really shorthand notes of his diplomatic secrets. But having committed them to writing Lady Prazze-Crowan finds a ready market for them. About a month ago she left by mistake in a friend's house a bag containing a number of her 'sketches' and some notes in cipher of the addresses of her customers, and memoranda of various sums that they owe her. Possibly you recognise the bag; and the handwriting of the ciphers? And if you are at all curious about their contents——" For conclusion she placed her typed transcripts before her visitor.

The old woman perused a single page, and then looked up at her, as pale as death. "You are not deceiving me, Mrs. Dunleath?"

"Look at the bag; at the sketches; at the handwriting. Or speak to Mrs. Spence-Strafford. It was she who found the bag. I want you to consider what Lord Prazze-Crowan will say when he hears of this? Or what will ensue if he does not hear; if Lady Prazze-Crowan is allowed to continue to act as a spy in the pay of foreign Governments?"



"LADY PRAZE-CROWAN HAS FAINTED"

"Oh, my son, my son!" The old woman broke down in tears.

"My son treated you badly, Mrs. Dunleath: and, of course, you mean to take your revenge," she said, when she had a little recovered herself.

"You wrong me, Lady Praze-Crowan. If I wanted my revenge I could easily take it. Perhaps you can tell me which would be the more cruel—to reveal his

wife's infamy to Lord Praze-Crowan; or simply to allow her to go on until some public exposure unmasks her? Only I have too much respect for the feelings of an honourable man for the former course; and too much patriotism for the latter. Some years ago I should have been very pleased to become Lord Praze-Crowan's wife, if he had asked me: but I am not so mean as to wish to snatch an oppor-

tunity of injuring a man whom I once loved, because he preferred a younger woman's attractions—or fortune—to my own. As for the woman: she is beneath contempt. Will you look at this copy of a letter which I last night wrote to the person from whom I received these documents."

The old lady read:

"The sketches which you send throw no light upon the ciphers. Unless you can ascertain the book on which the cryptogram is based it is illegible."

"That is true," observed Mona Dunleath. "I happened to guess the book. My doing so was a pure accident. But the point is—Lady Praise-Crowan must be stopped. Can it be done without Lord Praise-Crowan's discovering how his confidence has been abused?"

The old lady shrugged her shoulders. "He is infatuated about this pig-sticker's brat," she said.

"I have been thinking how I can help you. If I give you the shorthand alphabet in which Lady Praise-Crowan writes; and the clue to the cipher—the names and addresses of the men who pay her for spying; and some memoranda of the sums she has received from them—in one way or another you will be able to take her to task?"

"You are making me ashamed of myself, Mrs. Dunleath," said the old woman humbly.

"Don't say that. Neither of us would wish to see Lord Praise-Crowan's career marred. And there is the future of his sons."

The old woman started to her feet. "Arm me with any weapon you can, Mrs. Dunleath. I shall owe you a debt that I cannot repay. But had I known you for the woman you are, my son should have married you."

Mona Dunleath laughed. "Now that is really a compliment," she said. "Here are the key and the alphabets, and a few selected facts. If you find yourself after all unable to decipher either the sketches or my notes, I shall be able to read them on the spot. Only, probably, the merest hint of discovery will bring Lady Praise-Crowan to terms. Would you like to try? Lord Praise-Crowan has a telephone in his library. There is

one in the office downstairs. Shall we connect?"

They proceeded to the office. "Who speaks?"

"The Dowager Lady Praise-Crowan wishes to speak to Lady Praise-Crowan."

"Lady Praise-Crowan is listening."

"Is that you yourself, Euphemia?"

"Yes, Lady Praise-Crowan."

"Tell your husband that, although you have often refused to assent to my living with him, you now wish me to do so; and get his immediate assent."

"Is that all?"

"No. Unless you instantly comply, I have here the evidence of your communications with various foreign Governments, and am going at once to tell my son."

No answer.

Then another voice. "Lady Praise-Crowan has fainted."

"Bring her round, and make her answer."

* * * *

"Is Lady Praise-Crowan still listening?"

"Yes. Who speaks?"

"Lady Praise-Crowan. George assents. For God's sake say nothing! He would shoot me!"

"I will come and see that you are not shot," replied the dowager with a certain grim humour.

She turned to Mona Dunleath. "My dear Mrs. Dunleath; how am I to thank you?"

"By ignoring the fact of our having met this afternoon—unless you should have future need of me."

* * * *

Six months afterwards Lady Praise-Crowan said to her mother-in-law: "I would rather be in my grave than lead the life I lead with you in the house."

"Then you had better get into your grave," said the old lady phlegmatically.

Did Lady Praise-Crowan take the hint? It was said that she had been for long suffering from insomnia. And one night she—by mistake—took an overdose of chloral, and retired to the Praise-Crowan mausoleum.

But there is no talk of Lord Praise-Crowan's renewing his suit for the hand of Mona Dunleath.

Bookplates of Some Notable People.

WRITTEN BY W. H. K. WRIGHT. ILLUSTRATED WITH SPECIMENS.

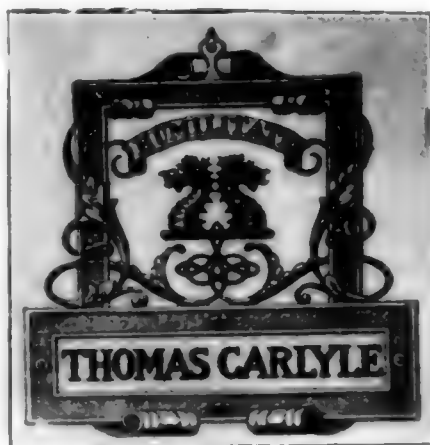
WHEREIN lies the charm of bookplate collecting? The question is not altogether easy to answer, for in this hobby, as in all other forms of the collecting mania, different men have different methods. One who is interested in heraldry collects nothing but armorial plates, another discards all modern examples and adds nothing to his collection which has not the stamp of age upon it. Another makes dated plates his specialty, and rejects all, however beautiful, which cannot be arranged in chronological order. Still another has a penchant for the bookplates of ladies, whether heraldic or pictorial. Yet another enthusiast is intent upon acquiring signed plates, that bear the name or initials of artist or engraver. Some bibliophiles have a special bookplate designed and engraved for each of the different collections in their libraries. One notable case in point is that of Lieut.-Colonel F. Grant, who, besides several armorial plates, has a variety of special ones, one for First Editions, another for Popeiana; another for "works by, or relating to, the Christian hero, Sir Richard Steele"; another for the Heroes of the Dunciad, and still another curious one inscribed "From Curll's Chaste Press." This by no means exhausts the bookplates of this well-known collector, but they are sufficient to show to what lengths enthusiasts go in pursuit of their favourite hobby. Another collector has at least twenty bookplates. Still another may be cited who has an

ambition to possess a bookplate designed for him by each of the leading artists of the day, but the most extreme case we have met with is that of an architect who has designed nearly fifty



of these little marks of ownership for himself.

Whatever may be said with regard to bookplates in the abstract—and much adverse criticism has been levelled at the omnivorous collector.—there is surely something interesting in bringing



together mementoes of men and women who have been, or are, famous.

The object of the present paper is therefore to take a hasty glance at a number of celebrities, chiefly of our own time, who have followed the fashion and marked their ownership of the volumes by inserting therein a plate or label bearing their name and in many cases their armorial bearings.

A recent writer speculated upon the question, "Did Milton possess a bookplate?" and the same author, himself a clever designer, produced an imaginary bookplate for Shakespeare.

Another, in his punning zeal, concocted a whimsical

coat of arms for our common progenitor Adam, which he adorned with apples

and fig leaves in strict heraldic form. Still another genius has devised a number of "Ex-Libris Imaginaire," and his list includes some of the greatest names in the world's history. With these, clever and entertaining though they are, we have nothing to do: they merely show to what an extent this Ex-Libris mania has taken hold of cultured people during the last few years, and more especially since the formation of the Ex-Libris Society in 1891.

We might enumerate the celebrities who have, as owners of libraries, adopted the book-



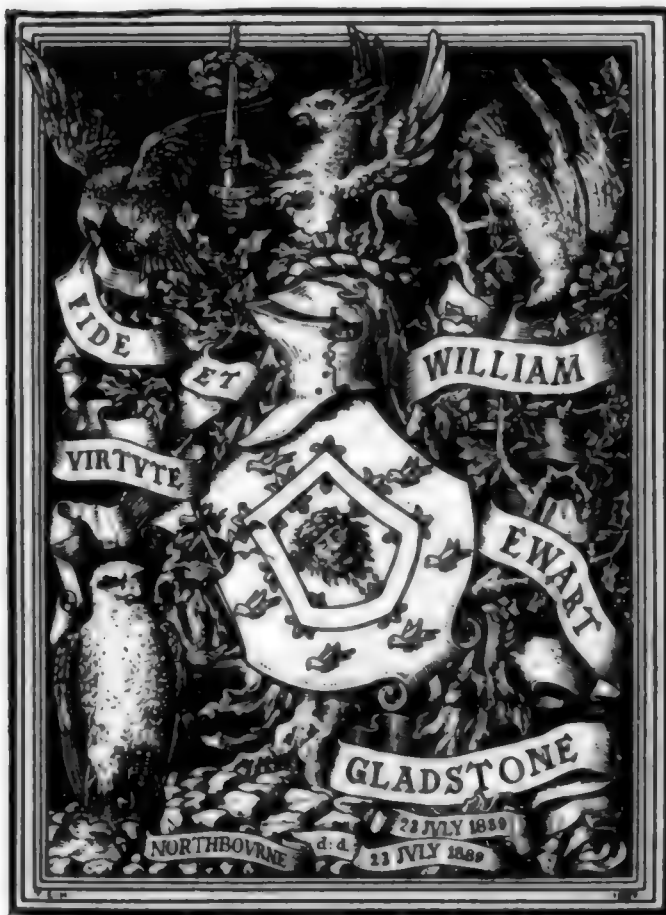
plate as a distinctive mark of book ownership, including men and women famous in every department of literature, science and art, not to speak of arms, diplomacy and philanthropy. As that, however, would be but a lengthy catalogue of names, we have selected a few examples from the great mass of material before us, and submit them to the notice of those who may be interested. Many of those whom we have thought fit to pass over thus lightly, possessed bookplates of the most ordinary type, what are called by experts plain armorial, in contradistinction to the more elaborate pictorial or symbolical designs now so much in vogue. Those may be summarily disposed of, even though they comprehend a number of the most distinguished personages of modern times. They, however, bear no distinctive features, save the heraldic, and the technicalities of armorials we do not propose to treat; but there are many others of more than ordinary interest, either on account of their artistic beauty or the eminence of the men and women to whom they belonged.



Amongst royalties there are numerous examples. The Queen has several specially-designed bookplates for the great library at Windsor Castle; and amongst others may be mentioned the Dowager Empress of Germany, King Oscar of Sweden, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Alice of Albany, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Duchess of Teck. The few special and typical examples we have selected we will take in alphabetical order, dealing with each very briefly according to its merits or chief features.

Dr. Hermann Adler, the chief rabbi of the Jewish community in this country, has a very characteristic bookplate designed by F. L. Emanuel. It is intended for the richest library in the United Kingdom, so far as Hebrew literature is concerned. The design is purely emblematical, and typifies the high position held by Dr. Adler, and the ancient and mystical usages of the priestly descendant of Aaron.

Another interesting plate is that of the late Sir Edgar Boehm, the famous sculptor. It is a pictorial representation of a notable legend in the Boehm family, which runs as follows: "In the reign of King Matthias Corvinus of Hungary, in the year 1464, when the king was in need of money to carry





Her Majesty, will be interested in the plate designed for him by his friend, Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A. It represents a two-masted vessel of war shown upon a palette, the arms being seen upon a square sail at the fore, the crest springing from the "garland" which graced the top of the old pole-masted ship.

Thomas Carlyle used a very simple bookplate, which consisted of two wiverns' heads neck to neck. It was designed in 1853, by the well-known Quaker bookseller, Mr. Wake, of Titchley, Derby, and was engraved by Mr. Moring, of London. The original copper is now preserved in the South Kensington Museum.

The bookplate of Charles Dickens was quite as simple in its character as that of Thomas Carlyle. It consisted of merely of the crest—a lion couchant—and the name. Most of the books in Dickens's library contained this modest mark of ownership, in addition to which a small printed label was inserted, with the simple inscription: "From the library of Charles Dickens, Gadshill Place, June, 1870." Dickens, it will be remembered, died in June, 1870.

In the year 1889 the veteran statesman William Ewart Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone celebrated their golden wedding, and on that occasion their friend,

on his wars, an ancestor of the Boehms realised his estates, and took the money in a hat to the king, desiring him to accept it. His royal master declared he could not take the money, as the story of his acceptance of so large a sum in such a manner would get abroad in his dominions. Boehm answered that he need not fear the secret being divulged, and said: 'The sun be my witness.' This tale explains the introduction of the sun on the shield, and the hat for the crest, as well as the motto, the whole cleverly worked in by the artist, Mr. T. Erat Harrison.

Admirers of the spirited sea pieces of that master of marine painting, Sir Oswald Brierly, marine painter to



Lord Northbourne, presented to the venerable couple a fine bookplate designed by Mr. T. Erat Harrison. It is a clever admixture of the armorial and the symbolic, the kites and stones which are introduced forming a rebus on the name Gledstones, the original form, "gled" signifying kite. The helmet is somewhat prominent, to show that Mr. Gladstone is still a commoner.

Equally charming in its elegant simplicity is the bookplate of the most genial and kindly of autocrats, the late Oliver Wendell Holmes. He chose for the design a representation of the chambered or Pearly Nautilus, the little denizen of old ocean which in its exquisite spiral home suggested the beautiful little poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," which, by the way, is less known than it deserves to be.

Of great actors, the only one of the present day whose bookplate we can present is that of Sir Henry Irving, designed by Bernard Partridge. It is, to say the least of it, grotesque.

Of artists' plates numerous examples may be found, the list being headed by the late Lord Leighton, whose much-admired pictorial plate is in the characteristic style of Anning Bell, and in the approved method of modern designers signifies the owner's profession, hobby, or favourite pursuits. The versatility of the late President of the Royal Academy is indicated by his plate rather than his

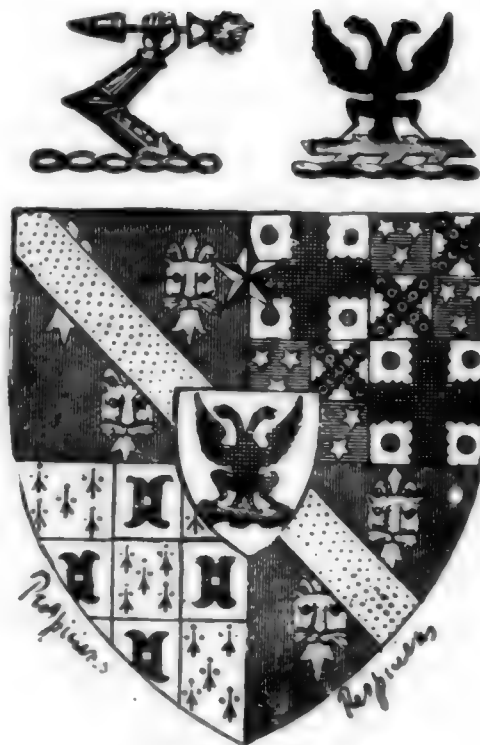
connection with any particular art. Belles lettres, history and science being represented as well as classic art.

The personal plate of Mr. H. Stacy Marks, R.A., designed by himself,



admirably illustrates his own inimitable style. His forte is undoubtedly humour of a subtle and delicate kind. Some of his most successful bookplates have been adapted from his pictures exhibited in the Academy. "An Odd Volume," an

Academy picture of 1892, is a figure from a bookplate designed for a member of the jovial "sette of odd volumes." The



three plates which appear in this year's Academy make up the sum total of forty-five bookplates designed by this master of the craft.

Of rather a different type is that which bears the inscription, "Ex-Libris Phil

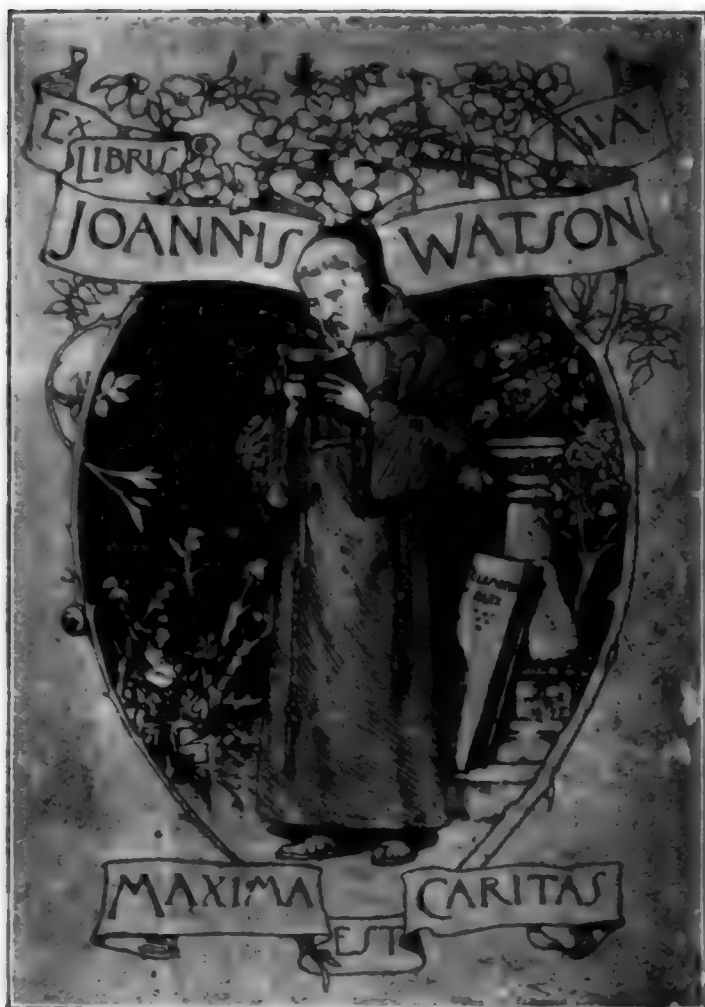
woman of abnormal size overshadowed by the huge "cart-wheel" hat. It is



EX LIBRIS PHIL MAY.

Phil May. 1895.

May," which is of the Aubrey Beardsley School, representing the head of a doubtful if the talented caricaturist has ever used this design as a bookplate, for



immense interest and value for collectors, and its presence on the cover of a volume must necessarily enhance the value of that volume in our estimation. Mr. Castle in his "English Bookplates" reproduces a copy of this interesting bookplate with autograph motto, *Prospiciens respiciens*, and the signature, Alfred Tennyson. The author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* (Rev. John Watson) better known by his pen name, "Ian Maclaren," has a charming bookplate designed by Mr. T. Walter West, and representing a monk in a garden studying a book. A sundial occupies one corner of the design, against which leans a portly tome. The rose and the thistle are very happily introduced in the little picture, and sprays of brier are intermingled: the motto is "Maxima est Caritas."

we believe it was done in a moment of "inspiration" by one of his friends, and presented to him.

The erudite monarch of Sweden, King Oscar II., uses a plate which is severe in its simplicity. It consists of the inscription O II., with a royal crown and a wreath of laurel; and has for its motto the words, "O fer djupen mot hojden," which being Englished means "Beyond the depth toward the height," the title of one of the King's travel sketches. King Oscar has a huge library at the royal palace, Stockholm; he takes more than ordinary interest in maritime and military works; geographical literature is especially abundant in his library.

Very little can be said in commendation of the bookplate of the late poet laureate, Lord Tennyson. It is heraldic, but not pleasing either as to subject or execution; and yet it possesses an



The bookplate of Lord Wolseley, the present Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, is undoubtedly a thing of beauty. It was designed and executed by Mr. C. W. Sherborn. Of bold and striking design, this heraldic plate of one of the most noted men of the day

possesses peculiar interest, and the engraver has in the most skilful manner introduced the numerous orders and elaborate heraldic insignia appertaining to Lord Wolseley in such a manner that, although the picture is full of details, there is no appearance of overcrowding.



THE BEGGAR'S SATELLITES

Parallel Diaries.

WRITTEN BY A. P. ILLUSTRATED BY HAL HURST.

*Extract from the Diary of Miss Georgie Groves, Haddon Lodge,
South Kensington.*

LAST night was the Mormont's big theatre-party—a crass failure. All the things one most looks forward to *are* failures. To begin with Madame Fédore sent my gown home at the eleventh hour with everything all wrong, and I hadn't time to have it altered, but was obliged to toss it on as it was and rush off with hardly a look in the glass—enough in itself to ruin any chance of enjoyment.

Of course I was the last to arrive at the Mormonts.

He was standing by the fireplace, talking to Esther Lowe, when I was announced, and he only shook hands. He took E. L. down to dinner. I thought she looked absurdly conscious, and she wore that eternal blue with lace. Really some kind enemy ought to tell her that a change is now earnestly solicited by her set. He and she talked together pause-



"I WAS THE LAST TO ARRIVE."

lessly throughout the dinner (which seemed everlasting) and I had to exert myself for the entertainment of a young nobody who could only speak of hubs and tyres. I was bored to tears. On the way to the theatre, poor dear Esther was obliged to go in the brougham with Lady Mormont and my dinner-bore. I was

If he talked more to her than to the others, it was probably because nobody else seemed ready to do it for him, and—well, there are a few men who do these things. Once, after the first act, he asked me if I was feeling tired that night. I *was* feeling tired; and cold, and plain, and wretched besides, but I said "not at



"HE SAT NEAR ENOUGH"

so sorry for her—such a disappointment for the poor girl. I was put into a hansom with Sir Oliver. I don't know who *he* went with, and I care less.

We had two boxes thrown into one at the play. He was not far behind me, but of course the inevitable blue gown was also at hand, and conversation between the acts was pretty general.

all," only that I thought the play dull and uninspiring to a degree. Whereupon that little ass (E. L.) leant forward and said "Do you really mean that?—seriously? Oh, I think it's so heavenly!" People who have lived a good deal in the country always do enjoy all plays quite indiscriminately, I notice. She would probably thrill with

awe and admiration at a marionette show.

Later on we all changed places. Possibly he would have preferred to remain where he was, but Lady Mormont arranged matters. She generally has about two ideas to one evening, and has to vary the recipients thereof as much as possible.

We had supper at the Savoy. Somebody said it was gorgeous and delightful. Personally I was too tired by then to

know whether I was eating the last French triumph in aspic, or a crust of bread. I had no further talk with him. When I came home, and had time to realise the full and magnificent extent of Fedore's mistakes, I did *not* feel exactly consoled. A perfect misfit—and loose! I've done with her.

And when I think that I gave him *four* dances at the Grahams only a week ago . . . bah! I'll go and do some shopping.

Extract from the Diary of Miss Esther Lowe, Campden Houses, Kensington, W.

LAST night was Lady Mormont's big theatre-party—such a heavenly evening!—and I hadn't thought, somehow, that I should enjoy it very much. First of all I hadn't known that he was going to be there. Then I've always felt shy at that house and . . . (but this is a secret between you and me, old Diary) I knew that my faithful blue silk was not what it had once been, and that everybody at the Mormonts would be exquisitely dressed. But then I knew, too, that it didn't really matter, and that was fully proved, for I enjoyed myself more, I am sure, than anyone else—more, certainly, than I have ever done before. He spoke to me before dinner. He sat next to me during dinner, and near me at the theatre. If I were to put down the things—the nothings rather—that made up our talk, it would be no more than a faint reminder, for after years, of what really was said and meant, so I will leave it unwritten.

It was all so unexpected—so dazzling! I can hardly realise that, only a week ago, at the Graham's dance, he asked me, out of sheer politeness, as I thought, for *one* dance, and that to-night all of a sudden—but oh, dear, it's hopeless to try and understand these things, they seem to be all chance and accident. As to the dinner, of course it was over in

no time, and I don't know whether it was good, bad, or indifferent. But the play was inspiring—grand acting, and the love-scene sublime!

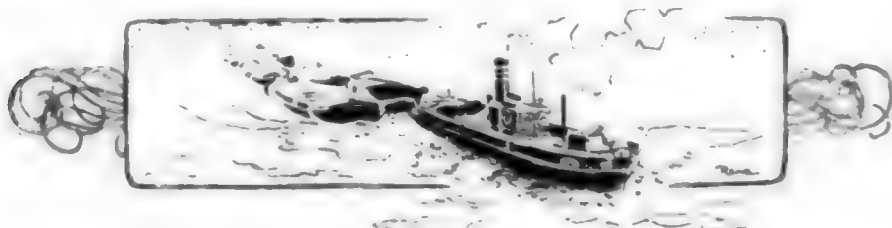
He sat near enough to discuss it with me from time to time.

That Miss Georgie Groves, whom I am always meeting now, was of the party. At the Graham's dance, the other night, I had thought her so handsome. Last night she looked quite different—much paler and rather bad-tempered. I tried to speak to her once or twice, but her stiff, short answers quite alarmed me—and I couldn't help thinking that her disparagement of the play *must* be affectation. For one thing she looked as much at the audience as at the stage, and once I saw her shut her eyes for quite a long time.

Lady Mormont was very kind to me, and as brilliant as ever. She took us all to the Savoy for supper. I wasn't a bit tired. He sat next to me again. It *can't* have been mere chance.

Like a vain baby, I looked in the glass when I got home. It was imagination, of course, but I really thought my time-honoured blue silk looked quite pretty again, and perhaps I myself was not quite so plain as . . . Oh, dear, oh dear! I am getting imbecile!

I'll go and do some work.



In Praise of Winter.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

TO those poor valetudinarians who fear the cold, clear breath of winter, the days which may come upon us now without a warning—which may be already here when these lines are printed—are terrible indeed. To those luckier ones who take the weather as it comes and find the world is always a delightful place to live in, that winter were lacking in its chiefest charm which passed without snow and frost. Such

of mixture of the undesirable features of the weather of all seasons. Never is bed so beautiful as when you wake in the dark mornings and wonder if it will presently be necessary to break the ice on the surface of the bath which awaits you. Then, when you have made the necessary effort and arisen, the frosted window-pane is beautiful. The children who have read the verses of a recent poet must be very lucky in their dreams if it



SKATING AT THE WELSH HART
From a photograph by L. Medland

winters have been common enough—for frost and snow must be considerable to be what the season demands—but of late years our climate has been to extremes. The young already look forward instinctively, when summer draws near, to warmth and sunlight and a brief surcease of rain; when the winter comes

"with dragging feet

That stir the yellow leaves upon the lawn"

they are very certain that there are Arctic days abroad, and make haste to get their skates into condition.

The winter day is beautiful, when it is really wintry, and not a Laodicean sort

be really true that these pictures of Jack Frost's making are copies, made with their breath, of the notions that have passed before them in the watches of the night.

The going forth into the air may or may not be pleasant. If you be of those who must needs arrive at an office in London early in the day you can hardly be expected to find the experience pleasant. You must be abroad before the day is properly aired, and even the frost can hardly stimulate while the pale sunlight still struggles vainly to pierce through a muggy fog. Moreover, cabs, 'buses, or trains take you to your

destination, and it is certain that in frosty weather man was originally intended to go afoot, or on horseback, or on skates. Then you enter an office which is insufficiently warmed, and follow a sedentary occupation, while you should by all the rules of the game be actively exercising yourself.

But in the country it is otherwise. You cannot hunt, but for all that there is plenty to occupy you. When the frost has reigned but a little while you eat your breakfast only to dash out hastily and enquire into the condition of the ice. You go unencumbered with a multiplicity of wraps and coats, and the cold air invigorates you, so that to take proper exercise is the natural thing to do.



WATCHING A SKATING COMPETITION

From a photograph by L. Medland

will not yet bear, you begin to perceive that the world is now as lovely as it is in the height of summer. The fountain in the garden still seems to flow, but the lovely hues of the falling water are frozen and rigid. The little stream which runs through the copse to the lake moves darkly betwixt banks which are fringed with crystal. The trees are beautiful,

every tiny twig being coated with a mildew of frost, which may melt and leave black branches by mid-day, but will surely be restored during the night. The woods are very silent; only now and again a robin sings where the thin sunlight comes through the branches.

The delight of skating: how shall we express it? Dancing is an exercise which makes



THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY IN HYDE PARK

Until you are satisfied as to the thickness of the ice, you are not likely to pay much attention to anything else. But, once you have been convinced that it

leaden-footed mortals forget that the dull earth clogs and fetters them. But skating goes beyond dancing in that respect. Only the man who skates

knows the goodness of that swift, smooth motion, the music of the steel on the ice. Only the man who does not skate can tell the bitterness of standing on the banks and watching a girl whom he admires receding (a glint of scarlet showing in her hat and underneath the pretty dark green jacket with the fur on it) into the distance, whither he cannot follow without displaying a clumsiness which must surely make his hopes ridiculous as himself would be in her eyes.

deal of hardship when the winter has made the earth its own and created a scarcity of work. The man who takes proper exercise, and goes about glowing with excess of health and jollity, is in such a mood that the odds are on his offering instant relief at the sight of one who shivers disconsolately. The other sort of person, who shivers in warm raiment over a glowing fire, is at least reminded of the possibility of wretchedness, and so deprived of an excuse for keeping his purse-strings tied. And in



CHATSWORTH IN SNOW

From a photograph by Tom Heywood, Oldham

But the best of skating is enjoyed under the pale light of the moon, or when huge torches flare in the darkness of the night. They say, too, that, where a long canal affords unlimited space, it is good to go on and on through the night, though there be only stars for guides. You must be alone, if you would realise to the full that for the time you have escaped from the cares which will quickly overtake you when you put away your skates and become once more a mere mortal, compelled to go afoot.

Frost is, beyond a doubt, a mitigator of the sorrows of those who are bound, under any circumstances, to suffer a great

many ways both frost and snow find work for men and boys.

The pipes which economically-minded water companies lay a foot or two under the surface are frozen, and the lack of water is indubitably a trial. Yet the genuine philanthropist may rejoice and find consolation in the thought that they have all of them burst, and that, when the ice melts in the cracks it has made, all kinds of deserving people will find a plenitude of the work they seek vainly during a less vigorous season. The snow is a nuisance in its way, but this, again, solves for a time the most terrible and perplexing problem of our day: the question of the unemployed.

If you desire to see to what an extent this last is true, do you make a point of skaters who flock to them as soon as they are invited to do so. If a man



IN REGENT'S PARK

going to the parks of London as soon as the present winter produces a frost capable of freezing the lakes to such a point that they will bear the hordes of - cannot sweep ice, he may turn an honest penny, and at the same time appear in an attitude of chivalry, by putting on the skates of ladies who lack cavaliers. If



THE FROZEN FORESHORE

From a photograph by J. Willis, Gravesend

he be a capitalist he may let out the necessary skates at so much an hour, though this is a calling on which the wiles of the "bilker" must be watched for as keenly as they are by experienced

pessimist. But in these pages the pessimist has no place. Do you read what has been written here, and, for the satisfying of your own desire to be depressing and depressed, go



HOARFROST

From a photograph by H. Wade

drivers of cabs. Finally, if he be a Royal Humane Society's man, he may cover himself with glory by rescuing the drowning when the ice breaks. Of course, there are disadvantages to be admitted if you insist on playing the

and talk with the famous cormorants in St. James's Park, or the water-fowl pictured in our illustration. It may be they will tell you many things which have not been put before you here.



In Outer Darkness.

WRITTEN BY JOHN GEDDIE. ILLUSTRATED BY SAM REID.

I HAD started for Dalton-under-Edge too late in the evening for the season, and for the path I meant to take. It was of some little importance that I should reach that night the market town of this secluded valley. But to follow the footway by the water-side ought not, I had heard, to take longer than to drive round by the high-road. The few people who knew this nook of hill country, and who had an eye for scenery, had praised warmly the bold effects of rock and water and wood revealed to such as chose the track by the bed of the stream ; and it seemed at the time a happy thought to combine the business I had on hand with a little exploration. I had forgotten that the period of the year had come when the light fails quickly, together with the manifold risks of delay and deviation that beset the steps of him who treads an unfamiliar route.

Never, outside the Tropics, have I known the night to close in so swiftly as

it did that evening. The darkness seemed to come in spasms. Something would be suddenly taken from the daylight, and when you looked to see the gloom lifted a little from the path, the curtains of the night would only be drawn more closely. What with the setting of the sun, the mustering of heavy wind-clouds in the west, and the masses of cliff and foliage that overhung the track, the way became so shadowed that I began to have trouble in following it without stumbling on tree roots or slipping over the edge of the bank that sloped steeply to the water. When at length I had climbed to what I recognised as the favourite view-point of the dell, all beneath me was already a gulf of impenetrable mist and darkness. The sole light left in the autumnal sky was a broad smear of yellow, shot with dull streaks of purple and crimson, where the sun had gone down among clouds behind the further wall of crags and trees.

Below this bank of fading sunset,



"A GLEAM OF RUDDY LIGHT"

where the shades of the valley seemed the inkier by contrast, there shone out, at the moment I paused to breathe and look, a gleam of ruddy light. It was low down by the margin of the stream, for I could make out, in front of it, a faint and wavering reflection, as from water; and as far as I could judge it was a good half-mile distant and on the further side of the river. Somebody had chased away the dark by lighting a red-shaded lamp in some cozy home, down there in a sheltered nook of the dene. It was a cheerful thought, and called up visions of a family group gathered about the reading lamp or the steaming tea-urn, behind shutters that closed out the heavy air and the gloom of the valley. No; for the light continued to shine unobscured. Perhaps it was placed in the window as a guide and signal to some one still in the outer darkness—someone for whom warmth and welcome waited inside.

As I halted to watch this spark in the hollow, a figure, which I took to be that of a tall man, started up, and, with an air of hurry and purpose, set off down the path in front, before I had the presence of mind to hail it. It seemed well to have company and guidance on this dark road, and I hastened in pursuit, although, curiously enough, without raising my voice to call to my fellow traveller. Soon my faculties were fully employed in keeping my footing on the steep and narrow ledge where I had almost to feel my way. After a little, the path grew smoother, but I did not come up with the man ahead of me. Now and again I fancied that I heard the stumble of a foot or the snapping of a twig. But when I stopped and listened, there was absolute silence. Could it be that the person in front had also heard something, and was hearkening for the sound of pursuing feet?

When I said that the silence in the dell was unbroken, I forgot the chiding of the stream in its rocky bed and the half-mournful, half-mocking song of the rising wind that floated down from the cliffs overhead. There was still enough of pale daylight in the sky—or was it from the moon, already due to rise?—to show the crests of the pine trees beckoning wildly and in unison at the bidding of the strong breeze. But down in the shelter of the glen the wind only came in wayward flaws that rustled the leaves

with a movement as of a wild beast about to spring. I confess that creeping and unreasoning thrills of fear began to stir me at these sudden sounds. My nerves were being set on edge. I had a feeling as if something malign were lurking for me in these thickening shadows; some instinct of the blood whispered of the near presence of danger, as it might be to a man who knew himself to be alone in a jungle with a tiger. I thought of turning back. But the darkness was behind as well as in front. I had already lost time; by now I must have covered the greater part of my road. Somehow I must go on.

There came a more open space; and again I seemed to catch a glimpse of a form slipping swiftly into deeper gloom on the left. There came back to me the remembrance of the dusky light, glowing like a red eye out of the depth of the gorge. But it was no longer possible to think of things pleasant or commonplace happening in that lonely spot. The air and setting agreed more with tragedy than with cheerful fireside scenes. It was easy to imagine blighted hopes and bitter memories and unsatisfied longings keeping watch within, while outside were black hate and rage and all the evil passions of the night. "There was gnashing of teeth." The phrase crept into my mind and abode there.

The way, meanwhile, was growing clearer; and shortly the rays of the moon streamed down through the branches and showed me what I had already begun to suspect, that I had lost my road. This was no rough public pathway I was on. It was margined by overgrown rhododendron bushes; it was strewn with the cones of the larch and the needles of the fir; here and there a sprawling branch of bramble stretched half-way across the track. No wheel had passed over it for weeks or months; all was disused and untended. But I could not doubt that I had wandered into the approach of some private demesne.

Unconsciously I must have let myself be drawn out of my true course in the wake of the mysterious figure I had no longer any wish to overtake. In a little I came to a gate. It was an iron fabric of massive and elaborate design, flanked by stone pillars that were draped with ivy and crowned by urns. The gate stood ajar, and after

a little hesitation I stepped inside. Here was a place where I could at least ask for information that would put me on my way. I could excuse my trespass; perhaps I might be shown a short cut to my destination, which was in the line of the valley and could not now be far off. I found myself on an old-fashioned grass walk winding between tall unpruned hedges of bay. The foot fell noiselessly on the thick grass; the rack, chased across the face of the moon, sent shadows flying over the glistening masses of leaves, which at intervals would give a strong shiver, as if they heard and understood too well what the wind was piping so shrilly on the height. There was something uncanny in it all.

Through an archway in the evergreens I noticed a light shining on the lawn beyond. I stepped within the vault of leaves to reconnoitre my approach to the house that was evidently at hand. At once I perceived that this must be the place I had seen from the hillside as the darkness fell. The stream here makes a considerable elbow, leaving level space enough at the valley bottom for this hidden mansion and its gardens, before the banks draw in again more closely than ever. The side of the house nearest to me was in shadow. But I could make out that it was gabled and of considerable age. On the ground floor was a large oriel window; the blinds in the middle division were drawn aside; and on the floor within was set the red lamp that sent a broad band of light out into the dark. Not many yards

from the window was a parapet and a flight of stone steps; and below these one could see the shimmer of still water. It was a pond or backwater from the river, surrounded by trees and big enough for a skiff or a swan to paddle in.

I turned and looked behind me, and my heart stood still. Almost within arm's length, on the spot I had trodden



"STOOD OUT IN BLACK AND SINISTER SILHOUETTE"

a few seconds before, was the figure of a man. He was gaunt and emaciated, and this added to the effect of his height, which was above the common. Interposing between me and the moonlight he stood out in black and sinister silhouette against the glittering wall of evergreens. His features, seen in profile, were sharp and haggard but well cut. They seemed, like his form, to denote a man who had

passed middle life ; his hands, when he raised them, were singularly sinewy-looking and powerful—evil hands for any one to fall into ! In one of them he held a sheath knife, the long blade of which flashed back the moonlight more keenly than the bay leaves, but scarcely more keenly than the cruel eyes that glowered from under the shaggy brows. His face was distorted with what seemed to me a grin of devilish glee ; the limbs, as well, appeared to writhe in the contortions of an unholy joy. He muttered what sounded like words of extravagant praise and endearment to the weapon ; he felt and caressed the blade with his lean fingers ; he even kissed it. I could not doubt that I was in the presence, and seemingly in the power, of a dangerous madman.

I gazed in a kind of fascination, hardly daring to breathe. I felt that if I made the faintest noise, so much as broke a twig or disturbed a leaf, I was a dead man. A spring would bring these bony fingers to my throat and drive the knife into my heart. I had not so much as a walking-stick wherewith to defend me ; and one might as well beg mercy of a ravening panther. Was there other mode of ingress than this archway I had chosen ? Would he step after me into the shadow where I stood with my pulses drumming and thundering in my ears ? My life depended on the answer to these questions. Yet I could note the grotesque motions of a withered fir tree on the sky-line of crag behind—how it tossed its arms and bent its crown in the blast ; it might have been the Evil One mocking or prompting his scholar below.

A sound from the house broke the spell. Turning my head in that direction, I saw that the window had been opened outward upon the lawn ; and framed in it, and lighted by the red lamp held in her hand, was the black-robed figure of a lady. She was slight and graceful, and seemingly no longer young. Of her face I could only make out that it was of exceeding pallor. She leaned forward and peered out into the night ; and then, with an impulsive movement that thrilled me even more deeply than the bizarre gestures of the lunatic at my side, she set down the light at her feet and stretched her arms forth imploringly towards the outer darkness.

A quick sense of shame overpowered

for the moment both fear and curiosity. It was a sight too sacred, this of a woman baring her heart's longing to the night, for a stranger's eye to watch. I turned away—to find the spot empty where the madman had stood. At the same moment another cloud came over the face of the moon. The world was plunged back into shadow. Where might that dread companion of mine be ? Perhaps close beside me or behind me. Those wolfish eyes, I felt, could pierce the congenial darkness. The knife might even now be lifted against me. I struggled desperately for a second to keep a grip of my manhood : then, seized with panic, I fled hotfoot for the gate. The noise I made as I broke from ambush sounded in my ears like the crash of a troop of elephants ; as I wound through the darkling shrubberies, I fancied I could hear, on the soft grass, the thud of swift feet following and gaining on mine. Not until I had rushed through the open gateway, dragging to the ponderous iron fabric behind me, did I pause or look round.

As I clung, gasping for breath, to the bars, the cloud passed off the moon. The gleaming vista of bays and laurels, the black-browed pines, the ghostly sentinel poplars, the dusky green serpent of turf leaped back into sight ; not a living creature was to be seen. All at once the air was pierced by a shriek that chilled my marrow. Fear and horror unutterable were in it ; but besides and beyond this there was a note of recognition, of faith wounded to the death, of heart-break. It was repeated again and again, more faintly and in changing keys, as if the mocking spirits on the cliffs were imitating the terrifying cry and passing it on through the valley. How long I stood paralysed, unable to move or even to think, I cannot say—probably not many seconds. What snapped the chain that had bound me since I came to this accursed place was another sound, resembling a distant splash followed by the strangling cry of a wild animal. At the same moment I heard running feet approaching the gate from without. A man, athletic of build and masterful of action, burst panting upon the scene, seized and swung me round to the light, and then thrust me violently from him with the words, "Who are you ?"

I tried to tell him something of what I had heard and seen. Without half



"RUSHED THROUGH THE OPEN GATEWAY"

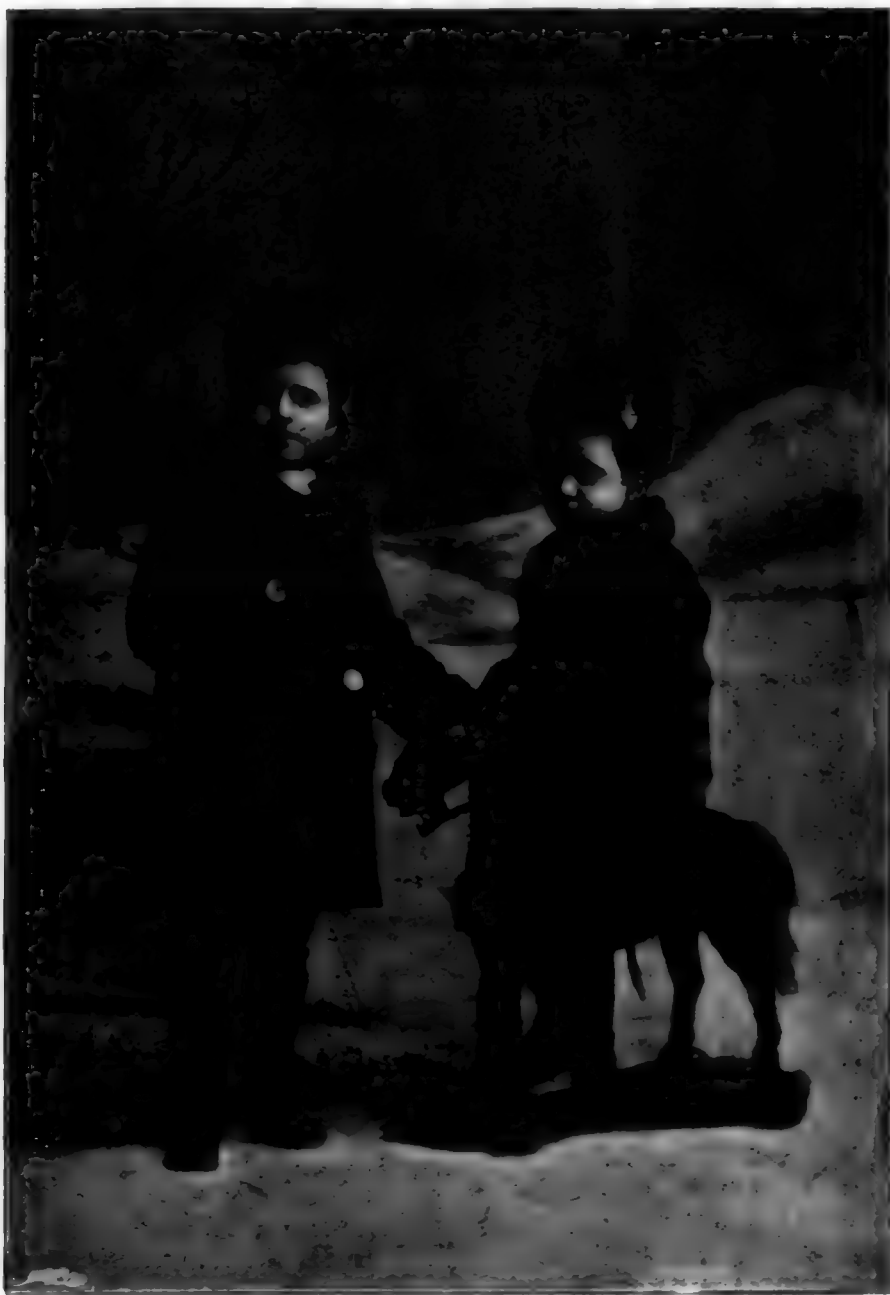
hearing me out, he opened the gate and was rushing towards the house, I following close at his heels. The red light had gone; the mansion was in darkness. Two or three frightened maid-servants were creeping along the wall of the house towards the front: they scuttled with screams into the background when they saw two men emerge into the patch of moonlit lawn, but they returned, quaking and all speaking at once, at the summons of the new comer, whose voice and

authority they appeared to recognise. A light was brought, and the first gleam from it showed the form of a woman prostrate across the sill of the opened window where I had seen the red lamp. This lay broken and extinguished at her side. Her face rested on the grass without, and her arms were still outstretched, as I had seen them when she had summoned death out of the darkness. This truly was death; but when, with my aid, the keeper of the

escaped madman who owned the house had turned the pale face upward to the light, we found that a great knife had been driven up to the haft into her bosom.

At daybreak the pond was dragged. I saw the body of the murderer brought up from the weeds and scum under the parapet wall, and his head laid on the grass close beside where that of his wife had

been. *His* arms also were outstretched; his great knotted hands were full of mud and ooze from the bottom of the pool. The raw morning light shone down on the dead face. It was the same face, the same expression, I had seen in the moonlit shrubbery, while the fantastic shape of the withered fir was signalling like a *macstro* from the height behind. Sometimes it comes into my dreams.



IN QUEST OF ADVENTURE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. G. TUNNY AND CO., EDINBURGH



PRINCETOWN

A Convicts' Health Resort.

WRITTEN BY A. S. HURD.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEATH, PLYMOUTH.

WHEN one of her Majesty's judges has sentenced a man to a term of penal servitude, and, after a few preliminaries, the great iron gates of the convict prison have closed on him, he is lost to the world; even his name is soon forgotten for ever, for he will probably change it when he has "served his time."

Though a man is thus uprooted from the world, branded, and numbered, and set apart from his fellows, the rigours of life in a penal establishment are far less severe than is popularly supposed. After the first shock, prisoners become resigned to their lot, and oftentimes come to appreciate—not, perhaps, with any great display of enthusiasm—the regular hours, good food, and more or less congenial employment. There is an instance on record of a convict, confined for many years in Dartmoor prison, who, after his release, committed another crime in order that he might return. For some considerable time he had been employed on the prison farm, and had become much attached to one particular horse which seemed to respond to the affection he lavished on it. It was the only creature in the world for which he cared, and when he was released his life among the forty odd million people in this United Kingdom was so lonely that he straightway sought to return to his old companion by the only possible way, and committed another crime. He was fortunate in being sent again to Dartmoor prison instead of to some other penal establishment.

This is not a singular case. Many men of education, having lost their good names and the niches in the world that they once filled, have voluntarily chosen to return to prison rather than take their places at the end of the long queue of heterogeneous human beings who are continually pressing forward to fill every space in the arena of life as it becomes vacant. There are men at Dartmoor serving their second terms of confinement, who once moved in what are known as the circles of good society—men of university training and good family.

Dartmoor prison is a convicts' health resort. It is situated on the side of a hill on the southern border of Devon's great park, and round it has sprung up the thriving village of Princetown, which is crowded during the summer months with visitors, who, in this pure bracing air, seek fresh health and strength. There is no monopoly in these invigorating breezes. They chase the cobwebs from the brains of convicts and freemen alike; but it is the convicts, who live on simple food and lead methodical lives, who most benefit. Hence Dartmoor prison is peopled with men who are too old or too weak in constitution for the heavy quarrying that falls to the lot of the inmates of Portland prison. And such is the present humane system which has been gradually evolved at the Home Office, that prisoners whose health suffers either by the too vigorous air that sweeps over the moor at Princetown, or from the still more vigorous life at Portland, are moved about by the doctor's orders for

"change of air," as it is called even within the high prison walls.

As one views the compact pile of buildings of local granite first used as a prison during the French war of the early years of this century—and the gateway of which still bears the legend "*Parcere subjectis*"—it is difficult to believe that it shelters over 1,000 men, over whom 200 officers and warders keep watch night and day. The gall of prison life is the cold, unsympathetic eye

do not fare badly. Attached to the prison are the kitchen and the bakery, where gangs of men are daily engaged in cooking and baking, under the surveillance of ever watchful warders. In the kitchen, where are large cauldrons heated by steam on the most approved method, the soup and cocoa and meat and "skilly" are prepared. All the food is of good quality. The cocoa is the same as is served out to bluejackets on our men-of-war, and the "skilly" is not the



GOING TO WORK

of the warder and the still more unsympathetic rifle, which are never withdrawn, except when the prisoner has, by an automatic lock, closed his cell door so securely that it can only be opened from without. A convict must soon get used to the broad-arrow that is stamped on his clothes, on everything that he uses and sees, and even on the soles of his boot, so that wherever he goes he tells the tale of his shame. But to the enforced silence and the continual presence of a warder, a man can never become inured.

So far as food is concerned, convicts

tasteless mess that is sometimes supposed, but porridge of a pleasant consistency which Scotchmen would consider superior to much of the so-called porridge eaten in England. The whole-meal bread is baked every day in small loaves, which are carefully weighed. Indeed, every meal is weighed out to each convict, and if, when his portion is handed to him in his cell, he thinks it underweight, he can accompany the warder and see it weighed for himself. It is astonishing with what accuracy a prisoner who has been "in" for some years can tell if his meal is underweight. With his hand he can

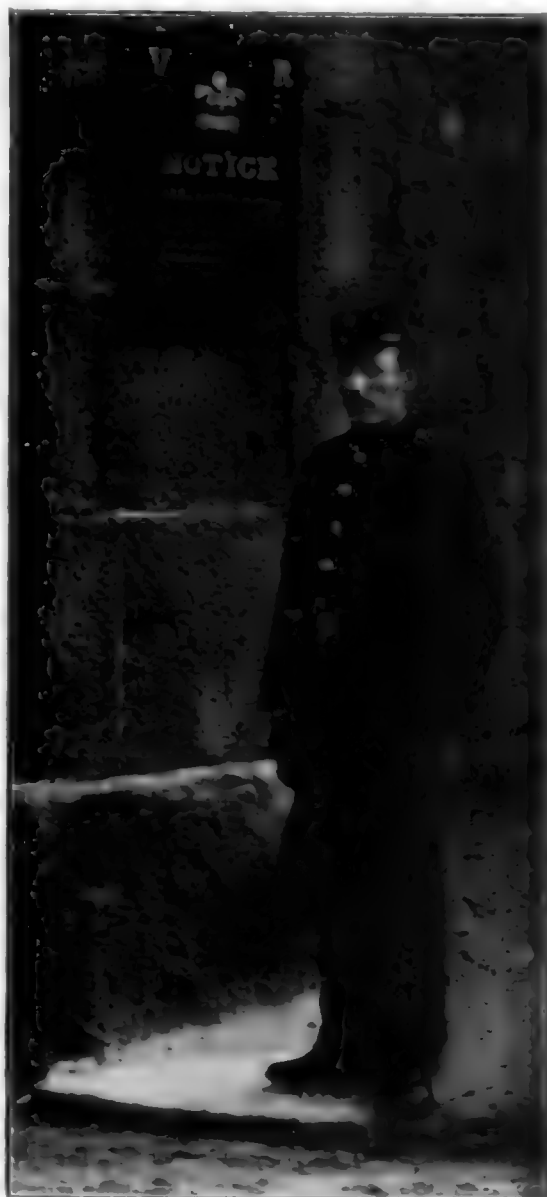
weigh more nicely than many scales. Each prisoner receives just sufficient to keep his body healthy. The dietary scale is most carefully calculated. Many men, especially the better class, who enter the prison suffering from indigestion and want of sleep, regain their lost health under the prison régime. Indeed, the results of the treatment of prisoners suggest a question as to whether many of our lives would not be lengthened if, occasionally at least, the food were selected with more judgment and the amount regulated more carefully to our physical needs, even though we did not confine ourselves absolutely to a convict's diet.

Most of a convict's time is spent in his cell, lit by a window near the ceiling. Here he lives surrounded by all the simple accessories to his daily life. On a shelf are his tin basin, his can for food, and the other etceteras that go to make up the irreducible minimum of necessities. On another shelf is a Bible, and, if he be of good conduct, other books—even books of travel. It is a mistake to think that convicts in penal servitude prisons generally sleep on plank beds. Each cell, as a matter of fact, is provided with a kind of hammock, consisting of sufficient canvas to stretch from one wall to the other. Every morning the prisoner rolls up his couple of blankets and mattress of oakum with marvellous neatness, and then unhooks one side of the canvas from the wall and deftly rolls it up also, until all that is to be seen is the roll hanging against the wall, to which one end is permanently fixed. Everything in the cell is spotlessly clean, the tins shining like silver.

Each prisoner follows some trade—boot or sack-making, carpentering, tailoring—in fact, within the prison walls is made almost all that the prisoners require, and they even—delicate irony—make the boots of their guardians—the warders. The old men mend the stockings of this big family—for convicts are, of course, clad in knee-breeches and stockings.

A limited number of men are engaged on the large farm attached to the prison. Tourists who drive over the moor from Tavistock or Moretonhampstead are familiar with the sight of gangs of men busily engaged in farm work. Round each field runs a broad stone wall, on which warders, with rifles, patrol; while on a high point commanding the country

for miles round is another warder, ready to raise an alarm at the slightest evidence of mutinous conduct. Thus the convicts work, in the open air, but knowing that they have no hope of escape. Occasionally—as happened in December last—a thick mist will fling a cloak over the whole moorland. As soon as it approaches, the warders close in on their



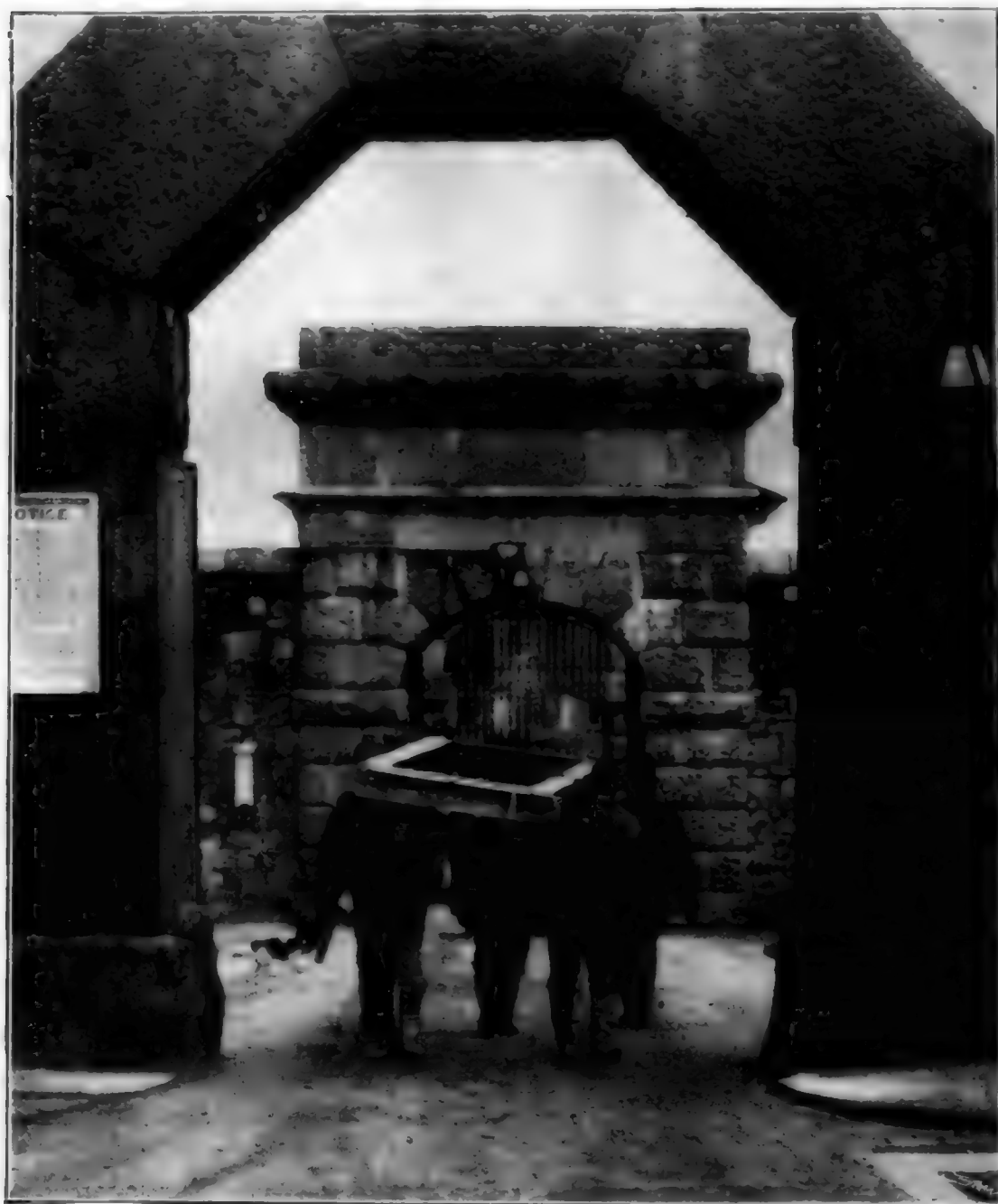
A WARDER ON DUTY

charges. Sometimes it has approached so suddenly that even the warders have not been quick enough, and men have attempted to escape. But even if a convict eludes these officers, his hope of freedom is slight. All around him lies the desolate moor, and in a shorter time than he can reach its borders the police have been warned.

Another gang of men are engaged at the prison quarry, where all the stone

used in constructing the newer parts of the prison has been obtained. Others are told off for building, either adding a new wing to the prison or building houses for the officers and men. The prison laundry gives employment to a large number of men, and others are kept busy

satisfactory, and every convict well earns his board and lodging. It can be easily imagined how interested these men, condemned to many years' imprisonment, become in the ordinary work of the farm. The burden of the life, even when doing the simplest work, is the



CONVICTS AS BUILDERS

within the farm buildings, tending the cattle and doing all the hundred and one duties appertaining to life on a farm. This homestead is an oasis in this moorland desert. Although its well-kept fields are merely land reclaimed from a wild state, the financial result of this convict farming are eminently

continual presence of the warders and rifles. They are never absent. If a convict has to fetch a pail of water, a warder goes with him. Except in his cell, a prisoner is never alone physically, though in every other sense he is always isolated, for all conversation is forbidden.

There is one part of the prison that



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PRISON

has not been referred to—the punishment cells. They are of the same size as other cells; but in one corner is the dread crank, which the convict turns and turns hour after hour until he has made the number of revolutions ordered by the Governor for some misconduct, when the warder tells him to stop. It is galling work, for a prisoner has no means of knowing how many revolutions he has done, and to attempt to count into the thousands is hopeless. In these cells there are fewer accessories and only plank beds. There is one other punishment cell. It is made with walls of twice the ordinary thickness, double doors, and with little or no light. Here a noisy prisoner can be shut up, and he can make a very pandemonium without disturbing his next door neighbour.

This is one extreme of the life of a

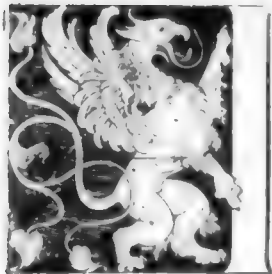
convict; and the other is the comparative liberty of a man of good conduct, who may be allowed to attend to the garden that faces the officers' quarters, or to do other small duties about the prison, less directly under a warder's eye. During the last few years much has been done to lighten the lot of the man condemned to a term of penal servitude, and a prisoner's life within the granite walls is very much what he likes to make it. By good conduct he can win privileges and an early release.

A "lifer" only serves for twenty years, but, even under the present reformed régime, it is difficult to imagine all that it means to pass over seven thousand days branded with the broad arrow, cribbed, cabin'd, and confined, cut off from the world by these granite walls, one of a thousand, yet always alone.



The History of an Unrecorded Hero

WRITTEN BY LOUIS CRESWICKE. ILLUSTRATED BY A. T. ELWES.



I was owing to a strange accident—a freak of nature—that the officers in the cantonment of Rujpore, a benighted station in the plains of Central India, became aware of the martial spirit in their midst. Most of them laughed, viewing the curious revelation as a capital joke, but they nevertheless shot appreciative glances in the direction of Mahomed Ali whenever he emerged for guard or other duty, and accorded him a distinct personality in the regimental roll. But Cressett, the last joined subaltern, did more. His mind was both bellicose and poetic, for the lilt of Macaulay had got early into his blood, and to him Mahomed Ali became almost an object of veneration. And it all came about through his having twelve toes—six to either foot—the funniest qualification for military service, thought the officers to themselves, when the native recruit in flowing linen and dignified puggerec made his salaam at orderly room, confessed his affliction and desired to enlist.

But the Colonel objected; there was a question of regulation boots, and some discussion in Hindustanee: then the rejected youth, his face like a masterpiece of Praxiteles cast in bronze, stalked out and disappeared. Young Cressett, however, remembered him, and great was his surprise when, to use his own phrase, he "spotted" his man about a month later, once more in the orderly room among the aspirants for enlistment.

"Lord, there's the fellow with the 'fans' turned up again," he exclaimed in amazement.

The commanding officer looked annoyed and frowned to the havildar who saluted. Mahomed Ali saluted also.

"Seex toes nai hai—sahib," he said, and he projected, not without a touch of pride, his bare brown feet for inspection. There

were six toes no longer. The impediments had been amputated. The Colonel looked at Cressett and Cressett looked at the Colonel. The youngster's glance telegraphed an appeal. "The man is a born soldier," it said; "such men are jewels in our Imperial Crown." Something of the same kind flashed through the Colonel's head, though he was not nurtured on Macaulay and hated a hint of the sensational. So it came to pass that Mahomed Ali was enrolled among her Majesty's servants, and Cressett in time secured him as an orderly. Not long after the young subaltern fell ill; fever parched his muscle and ague played the castanets with his bones.

"You must clear out of this," ordered the regimental doctor; "take leave and be off as soon as you can."

"Where? I've no friends out here, and one can't go 'on the bust' alone."

"Why not? If you run up to Chundore"—a hilltop some thirty miles beyond and 2,000 feet above the cantonment—"you'll pick up in no time; perhaps get a tiger or two."

The mention of jungle monsters fired Cressett's blood, but he shook his head.

"Only the *burrah sahabs* see tigers, they don't turn up for the small fry."

He had once before been in quest of big game, had arranged numerous beats—in his opinion strategical chef d'œuvres—and, with a distant accompaniment of barbaric music to frighten the quarry into the open, had taken up a magnificent position where he had waited hopefully, anxiously, monotonously, and, at last, despairingly. Nothing had come of it, and he had learnt to suspect that his drives had proved unavailing by reason of the duplicity of time-serving Shikaris who were too wily to waste the cream of their energies on young subalterns, too mercenary to track quarry that might be more profitably preserved for the high and mighty. Hence poor Cressett's dolorous and somewhat acidulated assertion.

"They don't turn up for the small fry."

"Up there for a few weeks you'll rule the roast," the doctor averred. "There's not a man in the place. I'm coming along in a day or two; but my eyes, as you see, are too inflamed for shooting."

It was decided finally that Cressett should start at once for Chundore, with Mahomed Ali, who obtained leave to go with him, in attendance. He took guns

to get up and "kill something" woke and thirsted. At this time, rumours of a predatory tiger floated in the air, and some of the ladies even deposed to having heard portentous breathings below their verandahs in the hush of the night. Cressett pricked up his ears, took counsel with his orderly, and resumed the inspection of his rifles.

One morning Mahomed Ali's majestic figure filled the doorway of the tent. He saluted. There was an unwonted illumination at the back of his dusky mask.

He begged his Sahab to hearken—native voices in different keys called and shouted and wailed:

"Are bapre—gaya gaya—wah! wah! Gracious—it is gone—gone—what next, what next?"

"What has gone!" Cressett asked jocosely.

"Cow, Sahab—tiger came—in night time—carried it away."

It was the owner of the wretched beast and the gang of sympathizers who were creating the dismal hullabaloo. So Mahomed Ali explained in his national lingo; then he proposed a scheme. If the Sahab were willing, they would track the thief to his feasting place—the cow was too weighty to have been carried far, and could not, he averred, have been dragged, as there were no marks of the transit in the



"DRINKING FROM THE ONLY SHADOWED CORNER"

and a tent and unfurled the latter in the Dak Bungalow compound. The bungalow itself harboured an invalided parson and his wife, and elsewhere, in the only furnished dwellings, the female belongings of some police and woods-and-forest officials were housed, while their owners camped out in the surrounding jungle.

* * * *

Fine whiffs of upper air, though the thermometer marked ninety degrees in the coolest shade, soon restored him; he examined the condition of his fire-arms, and in a day or two the British instinct

dust—start early, trace his whereabouts, and at night, that very night, secure him! Mahomed Ali's plan sounded alluring, and Cressett's ambition warmed at the proposal. He insisted on starting at once. By walking half a mile they got clear of Anglo-Indian habitations and reached the hut where dwelt the proprietor of the marauded cow. Beyond them was a dense wilderness of forest trees and scrub-jungle, steep declivities intersected with nullahs, mostly dry, and luxuriant bushes in full foliage side by side with a splendid tangle of crisp grasses and thorny shrubs that had succumbed to the tropic blaze

of summer. Here the orderly began to display his skill as a Shikari. He had learnt the tracker's craft from natives of the Bheel country, who can follow a trail with magical accuracy over the most parched and complicated jungle: he led the way with confidence. Cressett, eager yet sceptical, watched narrowly, though to him the hard ground betrayed no sign; but Mahomed Ali trudged along, now and again making mysterious becks of indication with his stick, to point out some invisible mark of footpads. Occasionally they halted, and a puzzled look on the face of his guide sufficed to damp Cressett's rising hopes. But these rose buoyant again when, coming upon a small stone, Mahomed Ali pointed to it, examined it, proved that it had recently been dislodged from its bed of sand and had partially been turned, with its earthy side exposed, by some mysterious tread. To one well versed in jungle lore this was clue enough, and before Cressett's eye loomed the prospect of a fine haul. Luckily for them they were stalking over a deep decline, where the rocky surface of the earth afforded the necessary clues; a little further to the right or left and all hint of a track would have been lost among the dried dead leaves and crisp spindles of grass that littered the ground. Mahomed Ali was radiant. He never smiled, but when he spoke—suppressed excitement had reduced his voice to a whisper—a gleam across his white teeth expressed more jubilation than the loudest guffaws could have done. He knew, as they approached a dense mass of underwood and made their way to the bed of a nullah, that near by might be found the thing they expected. He was right. Deep in the valley, on a rocky plateau close by a small pool, they saw the carcass—the débris of the carcass—of the unhappy cow. Little more than the head and a piece of the shoulder remained: poor pathetic head, with its limp defenceless horns lying askew, already sans eyes, sans ears, unconscious of the army of insects carousing in its bones, and the buzzing cotillon of winged revellers that were holding carnival in the pestiferous air. The tiger—nay, not a single tiger, but several tigers—must have made a hearty meal, unless, indeed, a retinue of kites and buzzards had taken their share of the feast when the royal back was turned.

Cressett and his orderly surveyed the scene. The arena wherein the cow lay was on one side open to a deep nullah, which, unlike most nullahs, contained water collected into a shallow pool; the other sides were shrouded with trees, leafy korinda bushes and a fine fretwork of lacy shrubs that had become bleached by the glare of the sun. Mahomed Ali reconnoitred the spot, and here, before many hours were over, he had contrived a *mechane*, a platform in the bough of a neem tree, whence the young Sahab could watch in a semi-recumbent position from twilight till dawn. At sunset they prepared for their vigil. Mahomed Ali was provided with chupatees and Cressett with a flask of milk—he was feverish still and feared stimulants—and at the close of day they took up their positions within their respective strongholds, the officer in the *mechane* and his orderly perched monkey-wise in the fork of the tree at his back.

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First came an hour or two of monotonous waiting, broken by cries of home flitting birds, flights of parrots and cawing crows, and assailed by hot whiffs from the dismembered dead below—and slowly, almost theatrically, the pool, white and rocky round the margin, began to show clear in the glow of the rising moon. Her magnesian rays piercing through odd gaps of the foliage, illuminated some small patches of earth, only to render the denseness of the hushed surroundings more appreciable still. By-and-by the silence grew intense. No call of bird, no distant echo ruffled the even air, and Cressett, his strength outworn, his patience exhausted, lounged lower by degrees in his *mechane*, while the excitement of the day lapsed into intermittent and feverish somnolence. He emptied his flask to keep him awake, and essayed a chupatee, for he was famishing, but over-exertion had blunted his appetite. Exhausted by fever and by his tramp of the day—they had covered some six to eight miles in the sun-glare—he dropped at last into a doze. Not so Mahomed Ali. He sat erect on his perch with muscle taut as a grasshopper's prepared for a spring; darkness covered him, but now and then a reflected moon-glint flashed on the whites of his distended eyeballs and on the point of a brilliant and bloodthirsty tooth.



"THE BEAST CHARGED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ENEMY"

For more than two hours they remained thus, Cressett asleep, the native alert, while the heat of the day slowly cooled with the breath of the night and the moonbeams painted the panorama of a seemingly dead world—a world of dense, motionless trees—on a background of burnished silver.

Suddenly, for apparently no reason, they both sprang to attention. Cressett was aroused, not by a foot-fall—none had been heard—but rather by an instinctive consciousness that some unusual presence filled the vicinity. The peculiar sound of stealthy breathing warned them that some monstrous creature was approaching; the faint crunch of crisp leaves convinced them of the coming of a cautious cat-like tread. . . . They were mute, motionless as graven images, straining every nerve to catch the sound. See, they could not—the luminous patches of moon-light turned all shadows into jet—till suddenly, against one of these patches—for an instant only—loomed the huge outline of a beast advancing . . . advancing in the direction of the plateau, hesitating, halting, listening! It was a supreme moment. The pair in the *mechane* scarcely caught breath, though through Mahomed Ali's closed teeth hissed a dramatic whisper almost inaudible:

"Bag eya! The tiger is come."

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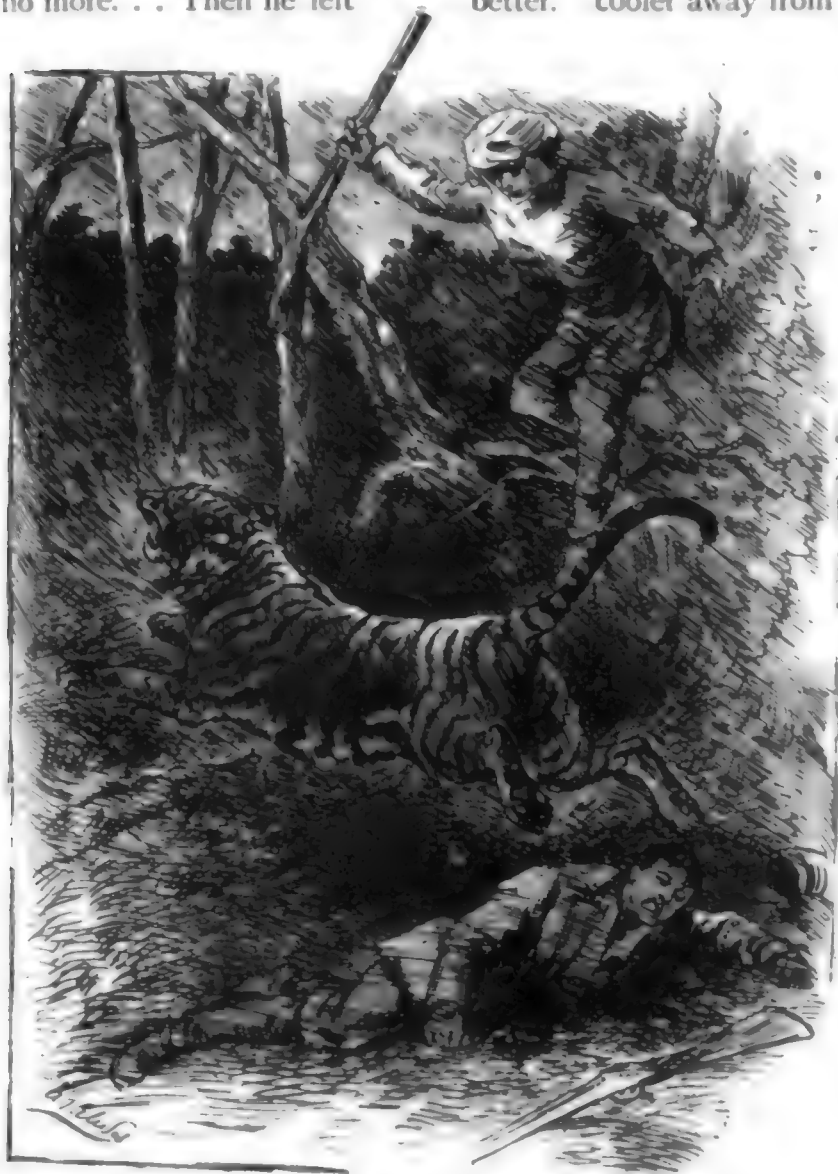
They were already handling their rifles. At any moment the monster might stand clear against another oasis of light. It was about two o'clock and the rays of the moon were at their brightest: without them it would be impossible to catch him. Presently a lapping sound made them aware that the creature had reached the nullah and was drinking from the only shadowed corner of the shallow pool, while later a faint grunt of satisfaction resounded with a weird echo against the rocky hollow. Then followed a profound stillness more appalling than the previous silence by reason of the solitary break, the consciousness of an invisible presence; the instants marked by heart-beats counted like years. . . . Cressett felt a touch on his arm. He instinctively raised his gun to the shoulder . . . the crunch of leaves warned . . . an instant more, and there, into the open she came, a great golden tigress! He aimed, fired, missed—so they thought.

He was preparing to blaze out with his second barrel when the beast charged in the direction of the enemy with the roar of a thunder-bolt bursting in a cave. Cressett's imagination had never conceived such a sound—the voice of the jungle sovereign in the deathly stillness of a tropical night will make the stoutest heart quake—and, coming as it did, simultaneously with the explosion of his second shot, his overstrung nerve failed; he dropped from the tree, straight, as Ali judged, into the mouth of the monster!

The orderly's gun leapt to his shoulder, but he dared not shoot lest he should jeopardize the life of his Sahab; then with the dexterity of a cat he jumped from the tree and fired into the air. The shot, the leap, were instantaneous. They came at the instant the monster rushed—blinded in the eye by the officer's first bullet—plunging in search of her prey, startled her, caused her to spring wide of Cressett, rebound wildly, leaving the deep grip of her talons against Mahomed Ali's shoulder, and flee straight away into the opaque darkness of the ravine.

For an instant, by the force of the concussion, the native was stunned. He was amazed to find himself alive, with merely a throbbing, shredded sensation in his arm. Then he groped in the darkness for the victim whom he expected to find dead. The body lay motionless, but the heart beat, the pulse wavered. . . . What was to be done? While he was considering the moon sank behind a clump of foliage and all was black. He lit a match and peered into Cressett's ashen face, lit another and searched for wounds—for blood—lit another and another, but by their short-lived flicker, and with a single hand, he could ascertain little. And while he lingered the Sahab might be dying. He felt sick and faint, but groped his way to the pool, tripping over the loathsome remains of the cow—he thanked their hideous odour for teaching him the way—and filling his palms with water drank it. . . . Then he returned and placed his wet hands on the sufferer's brow; yet the young officer neither moved nor spoke. Assistance must be brought and that speedily: there was no alternative. Mahomed Ali's strength was failing him—he knew this—and he felt he must act promptly. He lifted the light figure of the young man, now a dead

weight, and commenced climbing to the *mechane*. It was a heavy task, but there was no safety on the ground. When he had disposed of his burden he descended again and planted his back against the trunk of the tree to keep himself upright. Silently he called to his God for help, devoutly he appealed to the Allah of the Faithful to save him from fainting to the ground and heeding no more. . . Then he felt better.



"HE JUMPED FROM THE TREE"

. . . He crept about plucking withered cactus boughs—valuable as torches he knew—dried grasses and bleached twigs, till he had made a pile—and lit it. The bonfire should be large enough to blaze till his return and scare off any wild beasts that might too soon come in quest of prey. That done he set out to walk. It was a matter of three miles to the Dak Bungalow at Chundore, but by short cuts through the jungle he thought to accomplish the

distance quickly. The regimental doctor had been expected that night, he must even now be in the Bungalow: he would arouse him . . . conduct him through the complicated jungle . . . bring him to save the Sahab.

The bonfire crackled and shot forth forks of flames which lighted him for a little distance, then the darkness grew almost tangible. The air was purer and cooler away from the horrible remnants of the cow; it revived him, but short cuts became impracticable. He found it safer to return to the more open road; the longer he took, the more hopeless might be the recovery of the man in the *mechane*. So he plodded on, sometimes only halting because of the deadly sickness that overcame him and the lightning changes of ice and flame that flashed through his veins; halting with a buzzing clamour in his ears, above which came at intervals the sound of jackals barking to each other, and now and then the bay of a wolf in the distance, or the laugh of hyenas, fleetier than horses, retreating to cover before the dawn.

At last he reached the doctor's tent. He called his ser-

vant, who woke him.

"Cressett Sahab sick," he said while he saluted. "Mechane—jungle—Bag—" he went on as the doctor leapt into his clothes.

"How far?"

"Three miles, no garry road."

"Take me there—we've no *dhoolie*, get a *charpoy*."

An improvised litter was soon prepared in the compound, a *charpoy* or native

bed with posts at the corners over which were spread *cumblis*—native blankets—to act as an awning. The day was near. Mahomed Ali looked anxiously at the doctor. It was on his lips to ask for some dose to pull him together while he led the relief party; but he remembered that the mixing of doses takes time. There was not a moment to spare. In the dusk of the night none saw his face. He turned on his heel, gave orders to the coolies, and headed the procession.

It was relieving to relate by the doctor's orders what had befallen the Sahab. His words came in little jerks, the doctor attributed the curious punctuation to excitement. The orderly narrated of the young subaltern's hunger and fatigue, of his blinding the tigress and of the flash into the air in fear of which she had bolted. So they tramped on with stable lanterns to light the road, and the doctor's restoratives in Mahomed Ali's hand. Now and then his fingers closed greedily over these, the passports to strength . . . now and then he almost fell: a strange apathy was seizing him, a strange blindness! He called to his God again; this time he prayed that he might see his way, just to lead them safely before he dropped down. He clenched his teeth and walked on. There was barely another mile . . . a half . . . a quarter . . . the daybreak glowed at the back of the jungle . . . the *mechare* was now in sight, and there—did he see aright?—

the Sahab, sitting up in the tree, looking dazedly about him.

"Hullo," he shouted from the branches as the party approached.

Mahomed Ali's face grew white with joy; in his ears a discord of crackling cactus boughs, howling jackals, laughing hyenas rang and whizzed and echoed again.

"Sahab well?" he said.

"Well as you are," roared Cressett. "I must have fallen on my head. Hullo, Mahomed Ali—what—drunk?"

The orderly had rolled over at the foot of the neem tree.

Cressett leapt down. The doctor unpacked his instruments and ripped the man's sleeve. His face was serious.

"He never said he was mauled—he has been walking for hours."

"Why?" asked the subaltern.

"How else should we have found you?"

Then Cressett understood. He stared intently at the festering livid flesh holes, the rent veins—very intently—to hide tears that welled in his eyes.

"Poor chap! There's no danger? Nothing absolutely——"

"Blood-poisoning," said his companion.

"But he'll get all right—if we take him home now—before sun-rise?"

"The sun has risen," the doctor said bluntly. And he looked away, for the crimson dawn was piercing the lace work of the trees, and tinting with equal impartiality the horns of the mangled cow and the forehead of the dead soldier.



The Schubert Centenary.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

ON the last day of January, 1797, Franz Schubert, the composer, was born in Vienna. He came of parentage comparatively humble, his father being a small schoolmaster, while

but he was not long in learning all that they could teach him, and then he was placed under the care of the local organist, an enthusiastic admirer, if a somewhat incompetent cultivator, of his talents.



FRANZ SCHUBERT

his mother had been a cook up to the time of her marriage. Franz began at an early age to show his musical abilities. His father taught him the violin, while he learned the pianoforte from his brother ;

Before he was eleven he had become leading soprano of the Lichtenthal choir, whence he was presently transferred to the Konvikt, or choristers' school, of the Court chapel.

Here again he failed to receive the sort of training he needed. He soon became leading violin of the school band, and would appear to have been very

his own rooms and supported him, giving him liberty to go on with his musical work without the irksome interruptions that had troubled him till now.

This arrangement did not last long; but it would appear that Schubert was afterwards under obligations of a similar nature to other people.

In 1818 he became teacher of music in the family of Count Esterhazy, in Hungary; and here, in the beauty of his surroundings, he found fresh inspiration. However, he soon returned to Vienna, and lived with the poet Mayrhofer, the one writing verses while the other set them to music. It was in 1819 that he was first brought before the Vienna public as a composer by the performance of his "*Schäfers Klage*" at a concert. His comic opera *Zwillingsbrüder*

was produced in 1820, and his *Zauberhaufe* was given in the same year. In the year following some of his friends provided money for the publication of the *Erl King*. Publishers began to look on him with favour, and as many as twenty of his songs were published in



SCHUBERT'S BIRTHPLACE

much a show pupil. But he had been born to compose beautiful music, and what he specially needed was the instruction in matters of theory that would have enabled him to make the most of his beautiful talent. During the five years that he spent here he was left pretty much to his own devices. He went in for composing to his heart's content, and his fellow pupils were not more keen in their admiration of his gifts than one of the senior choristers, Spaun, who delighted to keep him supplied with music-paper. His compositions were frequently performed, and he was thus in the position of the clever art student whose foolish instructors encourage him to devote the whole of his time to making finished pictures just at the age when he should be giving his attention to the making of studies from the life and to learning the fundamental art of draughtsmanship. Schubert never knew enough to make anything like the most of his splendid talents.

When he left the Konvikt Schubert became assistant in his father's school, where he wrote many of his most famous compositions, including the *Erl King* and the *Mass in F*. Presently a young friend of about his own age, Franz von Schröder, took the young musician away to



SCHUBERT'S GRAVE

eight months—unhappily, without any pecuniary advantage to the composer.

During the years that followed he went on writing song after song. His fertility was amazing, and it is said that he thought nothing of turning out half a dozen songs, one after the other, at a

encouraging effect upon his talent of all these kindnesses of fortune.

At the end he would seem to have been more ambitious than ever. He realised that it was essential for the fuller development of his art that he should learn more of the theory of music than he had yet been able to acquire, and



THE SCHUBERT MEMORIAL STATUE

single sitting. He became a great admirer of Beethoven, visited him twice, and was one of the torch-bearers at his funeral. About this time he began to receive advantageous proposals from foreign publishers, and his prospects seemed to grow brighter than they ever had been, for he was also honoured at home, and some of his best compositions reflect the

arranged for lessons. The time was fixed and the text-book he was to use had been selected; but Schubert had done his life's work, though he was but two-and-thirty. He died in November, 1828, and was buried close to Beethoven in the cemetery at Währung. Sixty years afterwards the remains were re-interred in the central cemetery of Vienna.



PARIS STATUES, VIII.—A. DE NEUVILLE

Dialogue of the Month.

A PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE.

WRITTEN BY CLARENCE ROOK.

"AFTER all," said Celia, suddenly, "what is the *good* of Parliament?"

Martin, who was just lighting his after-luncheon cigarette, paused with his match in mid-passage, and laughed gently. Uncle George, who has sat since the last General Election for a midland constituency, turned and looked at Celia as though she had asked what was the good of the Equator or the Decalogue.

"What is the good of it?" said Uncle George.

"Of course," said Celia, "it brings you up to town when you might be killing foxes a hundred miles away from London, and that's nice. But what—what does it do?"

"Do!" said Uncle George. "Why—it's the Legislature; it makes the laws of the country, it——"

"Yes, I know," said Celia, doubtfully, as she sipped her coffee.

"Well, what then? Isn't that something?" said Uncle George.

"But Parliament is awfully old, isn't it?" said Celia. "Hundreds of years?"

"The history of Parliament," said Uncle George, with some hesitation, "stretches back to the time—the time of—centuries, in fact."

"And it has been making laws all the time, hasn't it?" said Celia.

"Making and unmaking," said Martin.

"Then," said Celia triumphantly, "if it has been making laws all that time, and hasn't made the right ones yet, it must be silly."

"Ah, my dear Celia," said Uncle George, "times change: *tempora mutantur*, ch, Martin? And we must remodel our laws to fit altered circumstances. Besides there are always small defects, much needed reforms, grievances that call for redress, and it is to Parliament that we look for help. In my own constituency, for

example, there is more than one grievance I intend to force upon the notice of the House, if I can find an occasion."

"There never is an occasion," said Martin, "for doing anything that really requires to be done."

"Pardon me, pardon me——" began Uncle George.

"It seems to me," interrupted Celia, "that people in Parliament spend all their time in trying to prevent each other doing anything at all."

"The freedom of debate," said Uncle George, "is one of the——"

"Oh, I wouldn't mind your debating," said Celia, "if they didn't put it all into the papers."

"They don't put it all in," I remarked. And Uncle George, having his own grievance against the gallery, winced.

"They put a great deal too much in," said Celia; "I'm sure when Parliament is sitting the newspapers are simply unreadable."

"That is because you are a woman, my dear," said Uncle George, "and women, with all their—their charm, have not that—that——"

"Women are too sensible," said Celia, with finality in her tone.

Uncle George raised his eyebrows.

"I wonder," he said after a slight pause, "what would occur in a Parliament of women?"

"I remember," I said, "that Aristophanes wrote a play in which——"

"Oh, bother Aristophanes!" said Celia. "I hate hearing about your dry old Latin men. They always seem to say things you've heard hundreds of times before—when you're told what they mean. Let me see, what was I saying? Oh, yes. If women were in Parliament they would—well, they would just see what had to be done and do it, and then——"

"Well?" said Uncle George.

"They would go and have tea," said Celia. "But women don't *want* to be in Parliament. I'm sure it would bore me dreadfully—except on the terrace," added Celia, with a look at Uncle George.

"Ah," said Uncle George, "after all woman's place is the home."

"And not the House," said Martin.

Uncle George looked doubtfully at Martin, who was examining the end of his cigarette, and for a few moments there was silence. Then Celia said:

"Let me see, it's nearly six months since you were here, isn't it, Uncle George?"

"About that," said Uncle George; "but it doesn't seem so long, what with the pheasants and so forth."

"Then there hasn't been any Parliament for half a year?"

"Well-earned rest, my dear. It isn't only actors that require it. The bow that is always bent, you know——"

"Well," said Celia, knitting her brows, "we have been getting along very nicely during the last six months; we've had plenty to eat and drink, and policemen, and soldiers, and rates and taxes, and— and things, just as if there were a Parliament all the time. Now why shouldn't we go on always like that?"

"It is delightful," said Uncle George, turning to me, "to hear such unsophisticated views. You see, a woman can't be expected to understand—to grasp, as it were—the real—the paramount—what I might call the——"

"On the contrary," said Martin, "I think she understands admirably. I quite agree with Mrs. Matthews—more. I daresay, than she agrees with herself. We are taking a great deal more legislation than is good for us; and some day we shall find we can't do without it."

"Do you advocate anarchy?" said Uncle George: "no laws at all?"

"I should propose one drastic law," said Martin; "and that would be that no more laws be passed for—ten years."

"A constitutional paralysis," exclaimed Uncle George.

"For ten years," repeated Martin. "You could all go off shooting tigers, or collecting postage stamps, or protecting the aborigines, or whatever you like: take your well-earned rest. Meanwhile we would just apply the existing laws. At the end of ten years you might all come back, and then I—and—and Mrs. Matthews and the Irish peasants and

the submerged tenth, and all the rest of us could tell you where we felt uneasy. You see, it's quite impossible to tell precisely where the shoe pinches if you don't wear it for a bit."

Uncle George pursed his lips. "The idea," he said, "seems to me impracticable, not to say absurd. It is only by continual experiment in legislation that we can hope to attain—what I may call perfection. And I, for one, regard it as of the utmost importance that the electorate should be able to make its voice heard by the mouths of its representatives. You must remember that Parliament, rightly regarded, is the— the essential expression of the people's will."

"You put votes into the ballot box, and they come out public opinion," I remarked.

"That sounds like the way they make sausages at Chicago," said Celia.

"It's an absurd analogy," said Martin. "Parliament doesn't represent public opinion at all."

Uncle George opened his eyes. "I flatter myself," he said, "that I at least represent Barminster."

"And how, my dear sir, did you come to represent it?" asked Martin. "Did the men of Barminster rise unanimously and shout that you were the one man who could voice their aspirations—that's the phrase, I think?"

"I had claims on the party, very strong claims," said Uncle George, with a certain pride. "I had contested two hopeless seats at—considerable expense, very considerable expense. And, of course, naturally, when Sir Humphrey Buggins died, it was only just that—in fact, I have reason to know that the chief Whip himself suggested my name."

"Just so," said Martin, "you don't represent Barminster in the least, any more than the member for South Kensington represents me; I don't even know his name, or what he thinks about anything—except one or two things that don't interest me. You represent a man who sits in a room somewhere and forces the cards. You are one of the forced cards. In fact, politics from end to end is one long process of forcing the cards."

"Ah, I think I see what you mean," said Celia.

"I'm hanged if I do," said Uncle George.

"You mean," said Celia, "that people don't get what they want, but——"

"What someone else wants to get rid of," said Martin.

"It's something like conjuring, isn't it?" said Celia.

"It's exactly like conjuring," said Martin; "in fact, it is conjuring. The party manager spreads the pack before the men of Barminster, and the men of Barminster choose George. Or rather, they think they choose him. In reality he was selected by the man in the room somewhere. And the men of Barminster are doubtless satisfied. I'm sure they've every reason to be satisfied."

Uncle George looked a little confused, and reached for another cigar.

"No one, I am sure, could represent them better," he said. "I make it my chief concern to study their grievances, and bring them back—remedial legislation."

"What do they want?" asked Celia.

"Besides bigger incomes?" added Martin.

"There is a deal of discontent just now in the Midlands," said Uncle George.

"Of course," said Martin, "we all want more money; it all comes to that."

"If you could double everybody's income, that would do, wouldn't it?" said Celia.

"For a week or so," I said.

"The question of foreign competition," said Uncle George, ignoring frivolity, "the land difficulty, railway rates, education, all demand careful attention."

"Forced cards again," murmured Martin.

"You can't possibly contend——" began Uncle George.

"Yes, I can," said Martin. "You politicians are just like the advertising tradesmen, only less honest, and less successful. Do you suppose people used to run about asking for a beef essence? People are always uncomfortable, it's the consequence of original sin, no doubt—but the public never invents the cure. Do you imagine that the public went about demanding Wagner's music, or the Ibsenite drama? Did they rise up in their millions and call for a Somebody's Pill? Do you assert that the Elizabethans went up and down Cheapside enquiring for a particular soap?"

"There wasn't such a thing," said Celia.

"Of course not," said Martin. "They didn't want it. They never wanted it."

"They didn't wash," I said.

"No. They hated washing," said Martin. "But they were discontented, and everybody is discontented everywhere. They didn't know what they wanted, but they knew they wanted something. And then—I don't know when—Mr. — was born, and found a piece of soap, Cobden was born and found Free Trade, Wagner was born and found *Parsifal*—and—there you are. They found these cards in their hands, and forced them."

"Do you mean to say," said Uncle George, "that the demand of the people——"

"There is no such thing," said Martin.

"The people are always discontented—I myself am always discontented—and they will always take anything that is skilfully offered and promises to make them more comfortable. But it is not the people that chose to be Free Traders or Wagnerites, or clean. It was Cobden, Richard Wagner, and the rest who forced their cards on them. And now we all shout for a free market, go to Baireuth and wash ourselves every day. It wasn't that we wanted particularly to be clean; but we were uncomfortable, and there was the soap, so——"

"You seem," said Uncle George, who had been fidgeting somewhat, "to reduce the value of Parliament as a deliberative assembly to a minimum."

"You may rest assured," said Martin, "that if you see the public tumbling over one another's heels to get anything—whether it's pills, or Parish Councils, or pre-Raphaelite pictures—there is always one clever man on the platform forcing the cards."

Uncle George threw the end of his cigar into the fire.

"Well, I must be off," said Martin. "I have to write on the Education Question."

"Martin," I explained, "writes the Parliamentary leaders in the *Morning News*."

As Uncle George was buttoning his coat in the hall, he turned to me and said:

"I sometimes suspect that your friend Martin is getting at me. Do you suppose he means what he says?"

"I think," I said, "that, being a journalist, he says what he means—at the time."



PUTTING COMPETITION AT NEASDEN
From a photograph by Martin and Co., Paternoster Row

Golf in London.

WRITTEN BY JOHN S. ROBB. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

*Pursuing with zest the delights of the game,
He fain would soon climb up its ladder of fame;
Whisper it softly, such pangs he did suffer,
In vain he tried, for he was a rank duffer.*

BLACKHEATH GOLFING LAYS.

CASTING about for an explanation of the extraordinary spread of golf in London during the last ten years, one is reminded of the gibe often thrown in the teeth of golfers, that theirs is the sick man's game; and certain it is that in these days when drugs are at a discount and diet and exercise are the favourite prescription of the medical man, an enormous number of people have taken to golf as a hopeful means of improving their liver or forcing rheumatism out of their bones. This of course is an explanation the keen golfer will scorn, but all the same it counts for something, especially in London, with its vast crowd of professional men who suffer from nothing more than lack of exercise, and who by means of golf get the want supplied in an extremely agreeable form. There is this to remember also, that when once a man becomes a golfer, whatever the first impelling influence

may have been, he rarely turns his back on the game. "Once a golfer, always a golfer," is an adage that stands the test of experience. Therefore, although in the fashion of a certain disreputable person who when sick is said to turn saint, the professional man in London, feeling out of sorts, may turn to golf, he does not, like the former, abandon the new and unaccustomed way when he becomes well. As a matter of fact, some of the finest golfers in London are men who took to the game for their health's sake.

Another explanation to be put alongside the doctor's recommendation is that golf has become fashionable. London as the capital of this country must be up to date, and if one were asked point-blank who set the fashion, the reply would certainly be Mr. Arthur Balfour. There are people who say that but for his example, we should see no more golf in



THE COMPLEAT GOLFER: MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON
From a photograph by Walery

London and England generally at the present moment than we did ten years ago. It can safely be admitted that he has given an enormous impetus to the spread of the game and done more for it than any other single player. He certainly introduced it among politicians, just as he introduced it to the illustrated papers, comic and serious, whose influence in this matter does not appear to be sufficiently appreciated. Outside these considerations, London has a claim to be a pioneer in golf. It can boast the oldest club in existence, a club a century and a-

half older than the Royal and Ancient of St. Andrews—namely, the Royal Blackheath. When Scott made Nigel Olifaunt come across King James hunting in the Royal Park he may well have committed another historical error, for it was the wont of his Majesty to play golf there, and he it was who in 1608 founded the Royal Blackheath Golf Club. Down the centuries there have been many changes at Blackheath and Greenwich, but the club is still in existence, and that at the present time it is recognised as an active power in the golfing world, may be gathered from the fact that it is given a representative on the proposed committee for the regulation of the rules of the game and the settlement of disputes, while clubs numerically stronger, such as the Royal Wimbledon, the Prince's and Tooting Bec, are left out in the cold. The old club-house at the top of Blackheath Hill is visited by golfers from all parts of the world, who naturally like to be able to say they have been there and seen the quarters of the oldest existing golf club, just as they boast a visit to St. Andrews, the golfer's Mecca. The walls are decorated with quaint old prints and golfing rhymes, while scattered about



CLUB HOUSE AT NEASDEN
From a photograph by Martin and Co., Paternoster Row

are ancient implements of the game well worth looking at. The minute books, which are only available to the privileged, tell wondrous tales of prowess on the adjoining heath, and tales little less wondrous concerning certain social gatherings within the walls of the club. At one time the club bore the name of the Knuckle Club, when it would appear that quite as much attention was paid to convivialities and the entertainment of members and strangers as to the study and practice of golf.

According to the minutes, some of the meetings saw out a round of the clock. They began at three o'clock, the dinner hour of the period, and after the cloth was removed, there appears to have been some tremendously hard drinking. Members who failed to turn out to these functions and did not send a substitute were fined a gallon of claret.

When the late Mr. Robert Chambers, son of the joint founder of the great publishing firm in Edinburgh, wrote his book on golf ten years ago, he gave four



GOLF AT CHISWICK

From a photograph by R. W. Watson

clubs as existing in London, the Royal Blackheath, London Scottish, Royal Wimbledon, and Clapham. If he were alive now and had another book of the kind to write, he would have to give at least sixty—all within ten miles of St. Paul's Cathedral, and to confess that, with the exception of his own Edinburgh, there is no city in the United Kingdom, or indeed in

any part of the world, that can boast nearly so many. With regard to Edinburgh, too, it is only in the number of clubs that London stands second to it, for in the extent of ground available for playing golf it is easily first. Within this same ten-mile radius there is a girdle of golf grounds encircling London, the space between each being no larger than the link required to bind together



ON THE PUTTING GREEN, EALING

the girdle. Though a somewhat rough, it would certainly be an interesting experience, to play one green after another, and, so to speak, make the grand tour. If

physical feature and condition are much more allied with the miserable swamp where young Martin Chuzzlewit and his friend Mark Tapley tried to push their

fortunes, than with the ideal seaside golfing ground. These, however, constitute the exception. The majority are right good breezy spots where, as the Romany chaf in *Lavengro* would say, "there's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that I would live forever." Those on the north side of the river are particularly bracing, but there is little ground for complaint on the



FROM THE TEE, EALING

one were to start with Wanstead or Epping Forest, one could work round the north way of Muswell Hill, Finchley and Hampstead, until one got to Willesden, Ealing and Chiswick. Then, crossing the river, the way would be by Richmond, where the Mid-Surrey Club has its ground, to Sudbrooke Park and Ham Common, on to Raynes Park and Wimbledon Common.

From there the ardent golfer would pursue his way to Furzedown and Mitcham and so on to Beckenham, Bromley, Eltham and Blackheath. At all these places, and many others which need not be mentioned, he would find golf courses in regular use and managed by duly organised clubs. Some might not be quite to his taste, for there are links in London which in

score either of healthfulness or suitability for the game at such places on the south side as Wimbledon, Mitcham and Blackheath. The links where most play is to be seen is Wimbledon, which may be described as the St. Andrews of London. There the Royal Wimbledon and the London Scottish—two clubs of common origin and both with a very



GOLF AT CHISWICK

From a photograph by R. W. Watson

large membership—have their headquarters, to say nothing of the Wimbledon ladies' clubs, whose members are always distinguishing themselves at prize meetings and tournaments the country over. The golfers are easily distinguished on the Common, for it is one of the regulations of the conservators that they shall wear red coats. At Blackheath and other commons under the supervision of the County Council, each couple must be preceded by someone carrying a red flag. This arrangement suggestive of the steam roller and roads under repair, and reminiscent of the legislative difficulty which until recently beset the introduction of motor-cars in this country, is not much admired by golfers, but it is conceived in the interests of the public, and as the commons are public property, it is submitted to with as good a grace as is possible. At the private grounds there is of course no such thing. There the warning cry of "Fore" serves to announce the approach of players, although at the same time red coats are very much worn. Another feature of London golf is the wide prevalence of Sunday play. It may be said that "the city man" is mainly responsible for this. In many clubs it has proved a great bone of contention, and led even to serious difficulties. Where the ground played over is public property, or where, in the case of private property, the owner in his lease stipulates against it, there is no play on Sunday; but, speaking generally, where the power exists it is used, and there is quite as much play on Sunday as any other day of the week: the

scruples of those who disapprove of it are overcome in most cases by making no specific rule one way or the other and leaving individual members to act on their own responsibility. Within the last year or two there has been a great increase in the number of lady golfers in London. Wimbledon led the van in this matter, and is still in front, both as to numbers and playing power; but there are strong clubs also at Blackheath, Mitcham, Clapham, Chiswick and elsewhere, and new ones are quickly coming into existence. It was thought at one time that cycling would check the spread of golf among the fair sex. But, as a matter of experience, the cycle is found to be a most useful adjunct as a means of taking players to and from the links. The ladies are considerably in advance of the other sex in regard to golf organisation. They have a Union of their own, which not only conducts the Ladies' Championship Meeting, but attends to the rules, seeing that they are kept up to date, and gives advice as to handicapping and a great many other practical matters. Last of all it has to be said that London golfers enjoy the distinction of having a purely social club. This is to be found in comfortable quarters in Whitehall Court, where members belonging to the various playing clubs are wont to congregate, enjoy the community of kindred spirits, and, like old soldiers, fight their battles over again. The club, which is unique of its kind, was established some four or five years ago, and though at first it encountered some difficulties, it is now in smooth waters and is prospering.



Miss Gray from Australia.

WRITTEN BY W. PETT RIDGE. ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD.

IT had been a most excellent three months in London. Miss Gray, from her bedroom window on the morning of the day fixed for the sailing of the *Nero*, gazed at the fountains in Trafalgar Square playing their sparkling airs and sighed with exceeding regret. It seemed to Miss Gray that Melbourne was all very well in its way, but the way was very long, and the six weeks on board the steamer would be intolerable, inasmuch as every day—every hour—every minute, would take her further away from London, and from the Hon. Arthur Markham.

"I won't go," said Miss Gray definitely.

Miss Gray turned away from the window and looked at herself very severely in the cheval-glass. She was a tall, straight-limbed young woman with bright eyes and the chin of one who has her own way in the world.

"I will not go," she repeated.

There was a tap at the door and her mother entered.

"Now my dear, dear Ethel!" Complainingly, with a strong accent of maternal reproof, "You ought to have been dressed, you know, long ago. Surely you don't expect to travel all the way back to Melbourne in a——"

"I am nearly ready, mother dear."

She kissed her mother.

"I was ready hours ago, Ethel. If you were half as glad to get away from all this bustle and confusion as I am you would have been ready hours ago too. Your father has just gone down to the city, and we are to meet at Fenchurch Street Station half-an-hour before the train starts."

"Wish we could have stayed for the next steamer."

"And be sure to look after your jewel case yourself, dear. Don't let it go out of your hands on any account, because London is such a terrible place that——"

"I decline to hear a word said against London, mother. It spells happiness to me."

"It spells it very badly sometimes. Have you locked the case? Let me see now, to make sure." The old lady tried the lock of the small square morocco case and seemed disappointed at finding nothing to grumble at. "It seems all right," she said regretfully. "Let me fix you at the back, my dear. That's better. Did you—did you bid good-bye to Mr. Markham last night?"

"Yes, mother."

"And," the old lady hesitated a little "and did he say——"

"No, mother."

There was a very admirable breakfast downstairs, and Mrs. Gray paid the hotel the compliment of making a good meal. Her daughter made a house of the toast, and laid out grounds with lakes of fried eggs and lawns of marmalade, but she ate nothing. When the 'bus arrived she went upstairs and took her jewel case and looked round the bedroom to see that nothing was left behind.

"But I am not really going, you know," she whispered to the cheval-glass.

Fenchurch Street Station was being attacked by a huge force of colonials eager not to miss boats at the docks; reinforced by friends and relatives. To Miss Gray's delight at the entrance stood a tall, correctly dressed youth, escaped for an hour (by subterfuge) from the Foreign Office.

"Mr. Markham!"

"Miss Gray! I couldn't deny myself the pleasure of seeing you off. It may be a good many years before we see each other again. And Mrs. Gray." Markham shook hands with the elder lady. "How do you do? Mr. Gray is inside the station. Dare say you are all glad to be getting home again."

"Except Ethel, Mr. Markham. I can't make her out. Are you going in to find your father, Ethel? Perhaps Mr. Markham will help me to see to the luggage."

Miss Gray hurried into the station, and presently came out again.

"I haven't seen father," she said quickly, "but he will be here directly, I expect. Mr. Markham, will you take care of this slip of paper for a few minutes? Put it in your pocket."

"Certainly, Miss Gray."

"I know you don't mind. And, mother dear, if you will go now I rather want to speak to——"

"Now then, now then, now then," said Mr. Gray bustling up. He was a big stout man, rather like a stage parent, and spoke in a loud nasal way. "How do, Markham? Come along, you young women. Not too much time to spare, you know. You do take a deuce of a time tittivating yourselves up that you're always late. You never see me tittivating myself. Got everything? Markham, don't you wait."

It was this coldness on the part of the business-like parent that had hitherto chilled the Foreign Office man's resolve when that resolve became hot.

"I'd rather see you all off, sir."

"Much better be looking after the business of the country. Country doesn't pay you to come all the way down to Fenchurch Street and potter about and say good-bye to us."

"I would very much rather not say good-bye to you, or to Mrs. Gray." Then he added as an after-thought, "Or to Miss Gray."

"The point is," said Mr. Gray sharply, "are we all ready now? Because, if so, come along. Ethel, have you got your jewellery?"

A sudden gesture of dismay.

"Great Heavens, father!"

"My dear good child," screamed the mother imploringly, "don't, don't look me in the face and tell me that you have lost the case. After all my warnings too."

"The case has gone, mother," she declared hopelessly.

"And two thousand pounds worth of solid real vendible goods gone with it!" exclaimed the annoyed Mr. Gray. "I never saw such fools as women are in all my life."

"Pardon me, sir," Arthur Markham interposed. "Will you let me find the detective on the station? There's always one here in plain clothes."

"Do something for goodness' sake," cried Mr. Gray aggressively. "Don't let's stand here gazing at each other. Where did you miss it first, girl?"

Detective-Sergeant Brockley being

discovered lounging about the station in the character of a quiet city man, in a silk hat and decent suit of black, with a mat basket in his hand, said that this looked uncommonly like a very serious affair. There being no objection raised to this safe statement, Sergeant Brockley went further and offered the remark that if the jewel case was stolen some one must have taken it. This also being accepted as a statement bearing truth's indelible stamp, Sergeant Brockley took out an oblong note-book and entered down a rough list of the missing articles.

"This is all very well," cried Mr. Gray, explosively, "but what the deuce is going to happen to me?"

"O, there's no charge against you, sir," said Sergeant Brockley, reassuringly.

"But the boat leaves the docks in three hours' time, man. What's to be done?"

"You won't get these articles back in no three hours," said Sergeant Brockley. "You can make your mind quite easy about that."

"May I say a word, father? It's a very lamentable occurrence, but hadn't—hadn't you better go on and let mother and me follow by the next in a month's time?"

"For once, Ethel," admitted Mr. Gray, grudgingly, "you seem to be talking something like sense. You go back to the Grand, and mind you do all you can to recover the jewellery."

"I am sure Mr. Markham will help."

"I don't suppose Markham can be of much use."

"I can try, sir," said Markham.

"My dear John," said Mrs. Gray, reprovingly, "you surely wouldn't leave us here with no one to look after us! Of course, we shall be very glad of Mr. Markham's help."

"Very glad," echoed Miss Gray.

"Look here, then. Just let's look the whole facts in the face." Mr. Gray mopped his forehead distractedly and looked at his plump gold watch. "I shall go on and catch the boat. If Markham doesn't mind the trouble——"

"Delighted!" said Arthur Markham.

"Why, he can look after you both and advise you what to do in regard to this affair. Got plenty of money, my dear?"

"Oceans," answered Mrs. Gray.

"Well then, I must say good-bye. It's a most fearful nuisance, and I can't



"I DECLINE TO HEAR A WORD SAID AGAINST LONDON"

imagine what in the world Ethel could have been thinking of to go and——"

"Good-bye, father dear. Let me kiss you."

Mr. Gray gave a hurried farewell; shook hands with Markham with less

frigidity than was usual, and hurried off.

"And now," said Sergeant Brockley importantly, "a four-wheel cab to Old Jewry."

The Hon. Arthur Markham was in his

rooms that evening looking thoughtfully out of the window at Kensington Gardens, when Sergeant Brockley was announced. The rooms were good rooms as bachelor's rooms go, but Markham had been thinking of several happy married couples whom he knew, and it occurred to him that apartments without a wife have a singularly unfurnished appearance.

"My friend and colleague, Mr. Linfield," said Sergeant Brockley, nodding to a tall man who stood in the doorway.

"How do," said Markham cheerfully. "Sit down. I'll find some whisky."

Mr. Linfield said, from the height that his head reached, that he'd just as lief stand at the doorway, and that he was a strict teetotaler.

"Any news, Sergeant?"

"Well yes," said Sergeant Brockley deliberately, "there *is* news. I don't know that it can be called news to you though, sir."

"A mystic phrase."

"Mystic perhaps," said Sergeant Brockley, "whatever that might mean, but I'll take my oath it's true."

"It is too much, I suppose, to expect that the property has been recovered. You detectives can't be expected to do impossibilities."

"But we have though," said Sergeant Brockley.

"The case has been found?"

"Found!"

"And the jewellery intact?"

"Intact," said the Sergeant shortly.

"Well! I can only say that I am astonished."

"Thought you would be," said the Sergeant drily. "I daresay you can imagine where we found it."

"Rather a difficult riddle to guess," said Markham genially.

"Riddles ain't difficult to answer," said Brockley, "when you make 'em up yourself."

"I can't tell you how delighted I am, though, that the property is recovered." The tall man at the doorway sniffed. "It will make all the difference in the world to me."

"Yes," said Sergeant Brockley, with emphasis, "it will make a difference to you."

"I am much interested in the affair for more reasons than one, Sergeant."

"I don't doubt it for a moment."

"It would have distressed Miss Gray very much if the case had disappeared; and you will understand that anything which concerns her also concerns me."

"I see what you mean," said the Sergeant shortly.

"And I shall be prepared to see that you are well paid for your trouble. I am quite certain that you must have used unusual sharpness and dexterity in the matter."

"Not particular unusual," said Sergeant Brockley. "'Tisn't the first case I've handled successfully, not by a long shot. The public make a lot of fuss when we detectives don't happen to put our hand on a certain man at a certain moment, but you don't hear about one half the cases where we do manage it. There was a case once——"

Linfield at the doorway coughed.

"Much trouble in this affair, Sergeant?"

"No. Not what you'd call much."

"And I hope in addition to recovering the property you have caught the man."

"As good as caught," said Sergeant Brockley. "I don't think he's likely to escape us now. One thing's very certain, and that is that we shan't let him go out of our sight. If you think that once we've fixed our man we let him go, you're making just about the very biggest blunder you ever made in the whole course of your existence. And when I say blunder I mean that——"

The tall Mr. Linfield at the doorway said gruffly: "Why not cut a long story short."

"I am cutting it short," said Sergeant Brockley resentfully. "We ain't been in the place three minutes yet."

Mr. Linfield, from his height, offered the remark that three minutes was ample.

"To put it briefly, then," said Sergeant Brockley to Markham, "we want you to come down with us to the City police-office."

"With pleasure."

"And there's one point about it that I may as well tell you. You will be charged, Mr. Arthur Markham, with the robbery of Miss Gray's jewel-case——"

"The robbery?" he exclaimed amazedly.

"And if you don't mind me offering a word of advice, you'll behave in a quiet, gentlemanly manner, and not give



"DO SOMETHING, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE"

me and my friend Linfield any trouble. It's always best in the long run, because we men can put in a word for you at the Old Bailey that will go further than you think for."

"Can I—can I send a telegram?"

"Who to?"

"To Miss Gray. I'm sure that she will understand that I should be the last person——"

"Not when she hears the evidence.

Besides, you needn't trouble. The lady and her mother will be there as soon as we are. Call a cab, Linfield, and let's be off."

Mr. Linfield obeyed, remarking that he hadn't said "how-de-do" yet to his dinner, and the sooner they got down to Old Jewry and the sooner he got home, the better he should like it.

"A good chap, Linfield," remarked Sergeant Brockley; "but he ain't 'appy

unless he's eating. Hadn't you better leave a message of some kind, sir, with your people here?"

"It is not necessary," replied Markham, with an attempt at composure. "I shall be back in an hour or two."

"Ho!" said Sergeant Brockley, doubtfully.

In one of the small offices at Old Jewry an interview, first, with an Inspector. Mrs. Gray and Miss Gray had not yet arrived, and the jewel-case was on the table waiting their identification. In the passage near the room was a uniformed railway porter.

"In the Foreign Office, are you, Mr.—Mr. Markham?" asked Mr. Inspector, casually. "Sit down for a few minutes. The others won't be long."

"The Sergeant tells me that I shall be accused of stealing the case."

"Did he?" said Mr. Inspector, pleasantly. "Did he tell you that?"

"And I wish to say at once," declared Markham hotly, "that it's a shocking accusation to make against a man of my position."

"Why," said Mr. Inspector frankly, "so it is. So it is. A shocking accusation."

"And I insist upon knowing what evidence you have to support your conduct."

"Evidence," said Mr. Inspector, as though the word were new to him. "Evidence? Oh! I see what you mean. Why, to tell the truth, we've got—we've got certain evidence."

"That explains nothing."

"Doesn't it?" asked Mr. Inspector, with an air of wonder. "I should have thought it did. The fact of the matter is——"

"Lady, sir."

Miss Gray, flushed and excited and alone, hurried into the room and shook hands pleasantly with Markham. She inclined her head to Mr. Inspector, who had risen.

"Weren't you astonished, Mr. Markham," she asked delightedly, "to hear that the case had been found?"

"I am still more astonished," he said, with much seriousness, "to hear that I am accused of stealing it."

"That can't be possible," she said, concernedly. "Inspector, this is all wrong."

"There is something wrong," said Mr. Inspector. "Is this your case, Miss?"

"Yes, yes."

"Contents all right, I wonder?" Mr. Inspector turned to Sergeant Brockley. "Send the railway man in."

"The contents are quite right," said Miss Gray, "I knew they would be."

"Now then, my man," said Mr. Inspector to the railway porter, "kindly identify the person who left this at your cloak-room this morning?"

The railway porter said, pointing with his cap to Miss Gray, that was the lady.

"No, no, no," said Mr. Inspector, "it was a man who left it."

The railway porter said with some indignation that it was not a man. It was a lady. The railway porter added, with some fervour, that he hoped to goodness he knew the difference.

"The man is quite right," interposed Miss Gray composedly, "I left it there, and I should have obtained it to-morrow if your people had not been so sharp. You have the ticket, Mr. Markham."

"I think not," said Mr. Markham.

"Don't you remember that I gave it you to take care of this morning?" The puzzled look on Markham's face commenced to disappear. "You placed it in your waistcoat pocket, if you remember."

"And dropped it here by accident when he came with the Sergeant," said Mr. Inspector. "I saw it fall, and, naturally, putting two and two together——"

"It's an easy sum," said Markham good-humouredly, "and one that so many people can do. Have you a cab waiting outside, Miss Gray?"

Two young people in a hansom are obliged to sit rather near to each other. This cannot be avoided, and I have nothing to say against it. But there is no obligation upon two young people to look affectionately into each other's eyes, and I do not attempt to excuse Mr. Arthur Markham and Miss Gray.

"You really did all this in order to stay in London another month?"

"That was the reason, Mr. Markham."

"And no other?"

"What other reason could there be?"

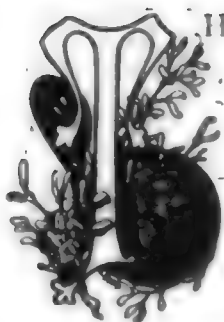
"I was wondering whether you—whether you were also a little reluctant to say good-bye—I hope I am right—to say good-bye to me. And whether if I asked you to be my dear wife——"

"I am so glad I stayed, Mr. Markham."

"My First Appearance."

WRITTEN BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

IX.—MRS. KENDAL.



THESE LUDGATE interviews occasionally transport the interviewer to places remote from town. To find Mrs. Kendal I betook myself to Filey, a delightful resort on the north Yorkshire coast, a few miles south of larger

and noisier Scarborough. Here the Kendals have become the permanent "lessees" of a charming house, within sight and sound of the North Sea. It is scarce necessary to add that both have become devotees of the cycle. Filey is so delightful that I must perforce record an "impression" penned by a friend of poetic instincts: "The sea is blue and grand. You go to the shore and stand close to the straight wet line of seaweed, and watch the big waves roll towards you. One comes nearer and nearer, and at last, with a hissing sound, breaks over you, and you give a triumphant laugh as it leaves you with the sea's kiss on your lips. It takes some of your strength to stand erect—more, at times, to resist its invitation to bear you where pain is no more."

Cycling on the sands—everyone cycles on the sands at Filey—the subject of this sketch chanced to "fall foul," speaking literally, of the postillion of the hired carriage "as she is known" in these parts. The boy thereupon "fell foul"—in the other sense—of the fair cyclist.

But Mrs. Kendal was fully equal to the situation. Dismounting, she read the discourteous young Yorkshireman a lesson such as he had never received before. Her harangue was in all respects worthy of Madge Kendal. The boy was so much nonplussed that he was as one stricken dumb, and afterwards he remarked confidentially to a friend: "Somebody has taught her to talk, anyway."

Here you have the secret of Mrs.

Kendal's power: "Somebody has taught her to talk." She was born at Grimsby, though her "first appearance" took place not at the fishing metropolis, but at the old Marylebone Theatre. This was at the age of three. Is there any actress who can beat this record? If so, I am certain the readers of THE LUDGATE would like to be introduced to her. The piece was called *The Seven Poor Travellers*—how this title recalls the Marylebone's old days!—and, according to Mrs. Kendal, the child débutante proved "a crack failure." Of course



MADGE ROBERTSON

From a photograph by the Photographic Copying Co., Hull

I protested that no quantity of evidence would make me believe that heresy.

"O, but indeed—indeed it is true," rejoined Mrs. Kendal. "I was supposed to be a blind child, and I should have kept my eyes rigidly closed, but instead of that I persistently opened them, and gave vent to expressions of delight regarding my new shoes! I have a playbill somewhere, but am sorry to say I can't lay hands on it."

"That is unfortunate," said I. "But

cannot you remember any interesting incidents connected with the performance of *The Seven Poor Travellers*?"

It was a stupid question, and Mrs. Kendal laughed heartily.

"What could a child of three remember?" she enquired; and then she added: "But why not ask my elder sister, Miss Fanny Robertson, if she can recollect anything about it?"

Accordingly, I did interrogate Miss Robertson on the subject, but I received scant encouragement from her.

"I left home," said she, "when my sister was but two years old, to begin my own theatrical career, and I saw her only at long intervals. I somehow have an objection," she continued, "to telling facts and anecdotes connected with my family, which I consider sacred to ourselves."

"You will at least tell me if I am right in supposing that Mrs. Kendal is a Lincolnshire woman by birth?"

"Perfectly correct. She was named Margaret by me, though all the world knew her quickly enough as Madge Robertson."

"What was her next stage-appearance after *The Seven Poor Travellers*?"

"As a girl of eleven," answered Miss Robertson, "she played Eva in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with great success, and afterwards Cinderella in the pantomime of that name at the Bristol Theatre, then under Mr. Chute's management."

In effect this was as much as I was able to glean. Madge Kendal is in no need of extraneous testimony to the illustrious character of her antecedents—

recalled to memory recently by her animated letter in the *Referee* on the subject of her brother's grave. "When you write my brother's name again," she declares excitedly, "do it on your knees, with your hat off! I offered years ago to attend to my dear brother's grave, but the paper proving the ownership of same cannot be found." Mr. Clement Scott, who happens to be Mrs. Kendal's pet aversion, had taken the "noble revenge" of attending to the neglected grave of Tom Robertson, unasked and unaided. Dead artist and living critic have alike received their due. I learn from Mrs. Kendal that she has insisted on refunding Mr. Scott the sum expended by him.

Mrs. Kendal is as life-like an actress as ever trod the boards. Who that has heard her can forget her matchless declamation of Shakespeare's comedy passages? The Forest of Arden appears to grow green and vivid as you listen. Nor may you forget, in these decadent days, that by sheer force of example the Kendals, like the Robertsons and Terrys, have materially contributed in raising the profession they follow from the level of a "questionable" calling to that of a Fine Art.

It may not be out of place to conclude this brief paper by betraying the secret of Mrs. Kendal's perennially perfect complexion, which is as follows: "Ten hours' sleep every night, a four-mile walk every day, vigorous rubbing with cold water, brown bread and no coffee." On the whole this is better than cosmetics!



The Origin and History of Omnibuses.

WRITTEN BY H. C. MOORE. ILLUSTRATED FROM OLD ENGRAVINGS.



O the French belongs the credit of having invented omnibuses. On August 16th, 1662, seven *carrosses à cinq sous* were placed upon the streets of Paris to run at fixed times between certain points within the city. Their career was short, and it was not until a century and a-half later that vehicles of the omnibus class were again tried in Paris, although one or two feeble and unsuccessful attempts to start them in England were made during the year 1800. The most notable of these attempts was the running of a coach with six wheels, drawn by four horses. In 1819 M. Lafitte, the banker, afterwards the minister of Louis Philippe, started omnibuses in Paris. When they had been running about six years, M. Lafitte decided to have two new omnibuses built in a superior style, and gave the order to Mr. George Shillibeer, a Parisian coachbuilder. Mr. Shillibeer had been a midshipman in the British Navy, but left the service and went to a well-known firm in Long Acre to learn coachbuilding. Later on he started business for himself in Paris; and as English carriages were then becoming fashionable there, he was patronised by many of the most influential men of the day. And it was while executing M. Lafitte's order that it occurred to him he might, with considerable advantage to himself, introduce omnibuses into London. He decided to do so, and after disposing of his coachbuilding business, returned to London, where it soon became known that he was about to start "a new vehicle called the omnibus." The word "omnibus" was discussed greatly. If one vehicle was to be called an omnibus, what would two or more be called? people asked. "Omnibuses," Mr. Shillibeer promptly replied; but our grandfathers were horrified at

the suggestion, and to their dying days preferred to call them Shillibeers. A Member of Parliament convulsed the House by gravely alluding to the vehicles as "omnibi."

The route Mr. Shillibeer chose for his first omnibuses was from "The Yorkshire Stingo," Paddington, along the New Road, to the Bank. The New Road was the name by which Marylebone, Euston, and Pentonville Roads were then known. On the morning of Saturday, July 4th, 1829, the two omnibuses commenced to run. A large crowd assembled to witness the start, and general admiration was expressed at the elegance of the vehicles, which were fitted with polished mahogany, soft cushions, and bright brass ventilators. The word omnibus was painted in large letters on both sides of the 'bus. Each vehicle was drawn by three beautiful bays, harnessed abreast, and was to carry twenty-two passengers, all inside. The fare from "The Yorkshire Stingo" to the Bank was one shilling; half the journey sixpence. Papers and magazines were provided free of charge for the use of passengers. The conductors created a great impression upon the crowd, as it was known that they were both the sons of British naval officers. They had come over from Paris at Mr. Shillibeer's invitation to act as the first omnibus conductors in England. They were elegantly attired, could speak French fluently, and charmed the ladies by their politeness and attention. Each omnibus made daily twelve journeys to and fro, and was invariably well filled. In fact from the first they were a complete success, and the takings amounted to about one hundred pounds a week. Nevertheless Mr. Shillibeer had much to contend with. The wealthy and aristocratic residents of Paddington Green objected strongly to the omnibuses coming into their select neighbourhood and petitioned the local authorities to

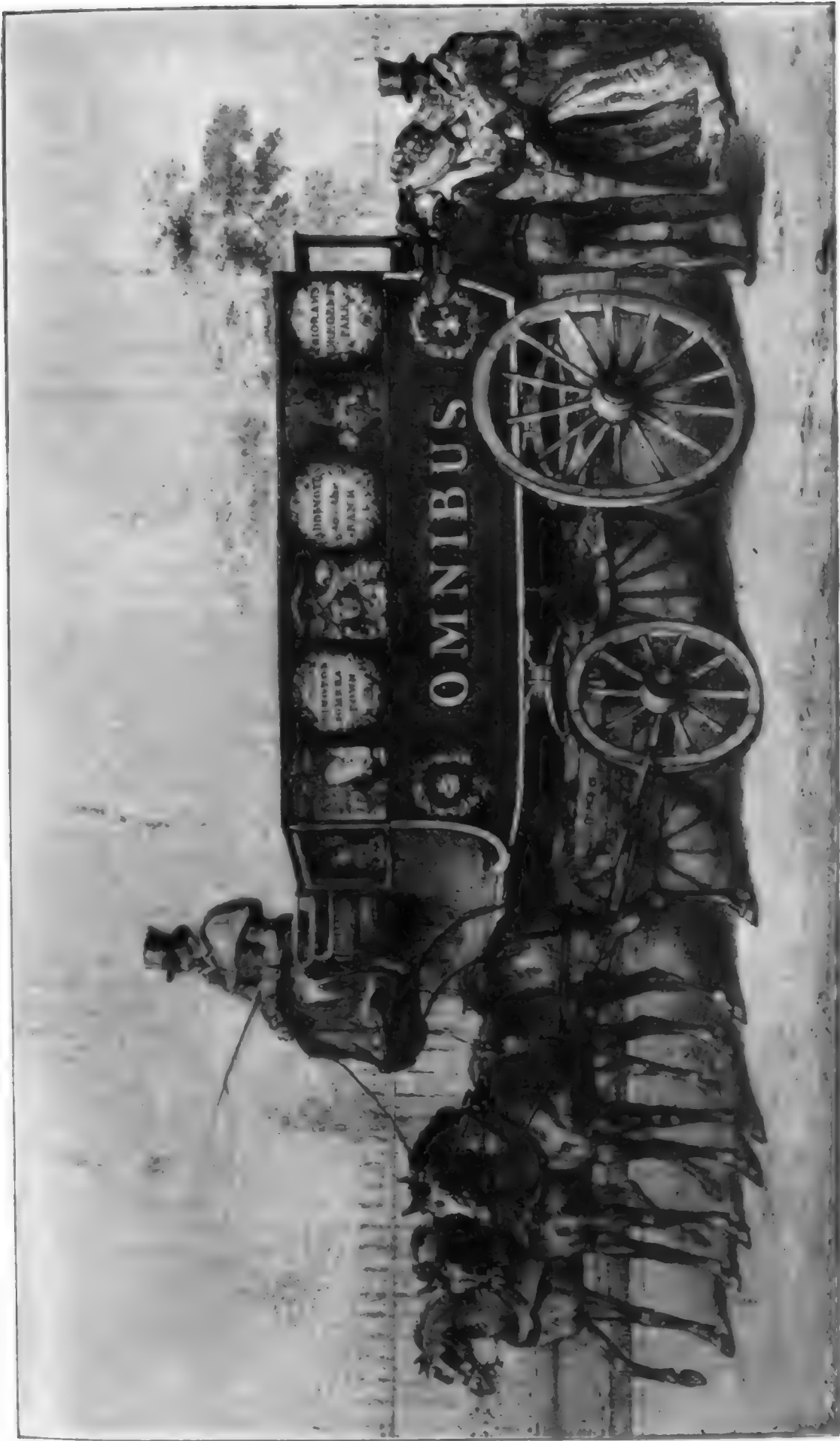
prevent their doing so. And when they found their complaints were of no avail they solemnly declared that Paddington Green was doomed. If they could see the neighbourhood to-day they would probably consider their prophecy fulfilled. As soon as the omnibuses were well established the gentlemen conductors relinquished their posts and were succeeded by paid officials attired in velvet liveries. But after the new conductors had been at work a few weeks the receipts began to fall off in a most alarming way, although Mr. Shillibeer was informed by people living on the road the omnibuses travelled that the vehicles were as well patronised as ever. He therefore made arrangements with various trustworthy people to ride as ordinary passengers in his omnibuses and check the amount of money received by conductors. For three or four days a male or female passenger was watching the conductors every journey. From the reports furnished by these people Mr. Shillibeer discovered that the two conductors were between them robbing him to the extent of £20 a week. This was corroborated by the conductors themselves. After finishing work one night they indulged in a champagne supper at "The Yorkshire Stingo," became intoxicated, and while in that condition bragged loudly of their defalcations. Mr. Shillibeer then went to considerable expense in having a patent register fixed to the step of one of the omnibuses. As passengers entered or left the vehicle they had to tread on a plate, which recorded every person that stood on it. For a fortnight the inventor of the register acted as conductor of the omnibus to which it was fixed, and the result of the trial was eminently satisfactory. But one night, while the inventor was standing near his omnibus outside "The Yorkshire Stingo" a gang of men appeared, and while some of them were assaulting him the others smashed the patent register with sledge hammers. But in spite of all obstacles, Mr. Shillibeer prospered, and in less than nine months had twelve omnibuses at work. Most of these were two-horse omnibuses carrying twelve passengers inside and two outside. Some of them ran from Paddington to the Bank, via Oxford Street and Holborn. The Post Office authorities were the first to copy Mr. Shillibeer's vehicles. They had four

built resembling the originals in every respect save the painting and lettering. On September 23rd, 1829, these vehicles—accelerators they were called—started at half-past eight in the morning from the back of the General Post Office for the western and north-western districts. Each accelerator carried twelve or thirteen letter-carriers who were put down at various points to commence their delivery.

In 1832 Mr. William Morton, a Southwell innkeeper, sold his business and entered into partnership with Mr. Shillibeer. They immediately placed several new omnibuses on the streets. But the proprietors of the old short-stage-coaches were now alive to the fact that there was much money to be made out of omnibuses, and consequently started some in opposition to Mr. Shillibeer. The original omnibuses, however, had the reputation of being exceedingly well-managed and were for a considerable time the public favourites. In fact a song in praise of Mr. Shillibeer's omnibuses was sold in the streets of London. I quote one verse :

*His conductors are famous for being polite,
Obliging and civil, they always act right,
For if just complaint only comes to his ear
They are not long conductors for George
Shillibeer.*

To mislead the public the proprietors of some opposition omnibuses had their vehicles painted and lettered in close imitation of Shillibeer's. One or two proprietors had the impudence to have painted on the panels of their omnibuses the word Shillibeer. The first vehicles then became known as the original Shillibeers. But one proprietor, Mr. Cloud, who ran omnibuses from the White Horse, Haymarket, to Chelsea and Hammersmith, determined to surpass Mr. Shillibeer by providing his passengers with books by well-known authors. A little bookcase, well stocked, was fixed in each of his omnibuses at the end near the horses. Books were dear in those days and many people rode to Hammersmith and back for the sole purpose of reading a particular one which they knew to be in the omnibus library. But this admirable innovation was shamefully abused by the passengers, who appeared to consider it no sin to purloin the volumes. Disgusted at the dishonesty of his patrons, Mr. Cloud publicly announced that in consequence



SHILLIBEE'S OMNIBUS

of the thefts his libraries would be discontinued. The bookcases were removed, and in place of each one a seat was fixed, thereby enabling the omnibus to accommodate thirteen inside passengers instead of twelve. Other omnibus proprietors immediately decided that their vehicles should also carry thirteen passengers, but provided no additional accommodation. A conductor would tell a person that there was room inside, but when the passenger entered he would find the six seats on either side occupied. If he complained, the conductor would point to the notice "Licensed to carry thirteen passengers inside and two outside." When the passenger happened to be a stout party the burning question was which side ought he to sit. The matter was generally settled by the new comer flopping down on someone's lap.

Soon after the removal of the bookcases some of the Hammersmith omnibuses got into the habit of loitering, and thereby obstructing the streets. By Act of Parliament, the police had the power to take into custody the driver of any public vehicle who obstructed the high road and refused to move on. One morning they exercised their power by pulling two omnibus drivers from their boxes and taking them to the police station. The following day the drivers were fined forty shillings or a month's imprisonment. For a few days there was no loitering on the Hammersmith Road. But one Saturday evening an omnibus pulled up at Knightsbridge in such a position as to obstruct the traffic. A policeman shouted fiercely to the driver to move on, but the coachman calmly shook his head and would not budge an inch. Two policemen promptly rushed forward to pull him from his seat and take him into custody, but to their astonishment found he was chained on the box and fastened by a huge padlock. Their attempts to remove him were useless. Then several other omnibuses came along and pulled up close to the first one. The drivers of these were also chained to their boxes, and amused themselves and the crowd by chaffing the police, and shaking their chains at them. After remaining at Knightsbridge for some considerable time they drove away in triumph. Omnibus racing, however, soon became a far greater nuisance than loitering, and so many serious accidents occurred

through it that in 1833 the Government brought in and passed a Bill for the regulation of omnibuses in and near the metropolis. This Bill was quickly followed by another for the better regulation of omnibuses, one of its most important provisions being that drivers and conductors should be licensed. The position of Assistant Registrar of Licenses was offered to Mr. Shillibeer, who declined it—not because of his connection with omnibuses, but because he had been led to believe that the higher appointment would be offered to him.

In January, 1834, the partnership existing between Messrs. Shillibeer and Morton was dissolved by mutual consent, the latter taking as his share of the business the whole of the New Road omnibuses. He failed, however, to make them pay. After a time he sold them at a very great loss, and was ruined. He became an omnibus conductor, was discharged for drunkenness, and at the age of 51 committed suicide in Little Carlile Street, Edgware Road. At the inquest several witnesses declared that the deceased had been swindled by Shillibeer over their omnibus partnership. Spite, however, appears to have been the cause of these accusations, which were proved later on to be groundless: in fact, it was shown that in giving over to his late partner the New Road omnibuses Shillibeer had acted with more generosity than was necessary. The New Road omnibuses were paying well at the time of the dissolution of partnership, and were the only omnibuses belonging to them that were unopposed. Morton mismanaged them, but the person to whom he sold them soon made them as remunerative as they formerly were.

Immediately after the dissolution of partnership Mr. Shillibeer relinquished his metropolitan business and commenced to run omnibuses from London to Greenwich and Woolwich, placing twenty vehicles on the road. It was a very bold step of his, considering that a railway from London to Greenwich had been decided upon; but there were many people who believed that the railway was doomed by his action. In fact, a song entitled "Shillibeer's Original Omnibus *versus* the Greenwich Railroad," which expressed that opinion, was largely sold in the streets. I quote the following verses, as they give some idea of the dread which railways inspired:

*These pleasure and comfort with safety
combine,
They neither blow-up nor explode like a mine;
Those who ride on the railroad might half
die with fear—
You can come to no harm in the safe Shillibeer.
Here no draughts of air cause a crick in
the neck,
Or huge bursting boiler blows all to a wreck,
But as safe as at home, you from all danger
steer,
While you travel abroad in the gay Shillibeer.*

In 1835 the Greenwich Railway was opened, and soon began to seriously affect the earnings of Shillibeer's omnibuses, which had already been reduced by an increase in the number of steamers running between London and Greenwich. Mr. Shillibeer struggled on for some time, but getting in arrears with his payments to the Stamp Office, his omnibuses were seized and not permitted to run until the money was paid. The loss occasioned thereby was considerable, and the Stamp Office repeating their harsh methods, brought about Mr. Shillibeer's failure. In 1840 the Lords of the Treasury enquired into his case and satisfied themselves that the Stamps and Taxes Office had treated him most unfairly. They moreover recommended him for a Government appointment and a grant of £5,000. But Shillibeer received neither, and, to earn a living, became an undertaker. He invented a patent funeral coach, considerably reduced the price of funerals, and died at Brighton on August 22nd, 1866, aged sixty-nine. At his centenary we shall probably erect a statue to his memory. But although Mr. Shillibeer failed, the majority of the omnibus proprietors were in a very flourishing condition, and were continually adding to the number of their vehicles. New routes were opened, and the Eagles, the Favorites, the Hopes, and Les Dames Blanches, were the names of some of the lines of omnibuses which came into existence. The Eagles were green omnibuses, and ran from "The Compasses" at Pimlico to Blackwall, via Piccadilly. They belonged to a Mr. John Clarke, who occasionally acted as conductor to one of his own omnibuses. One day, as his omnibus was proceeding up Piccadilly Hill, Her

Majesty Queen Victoria rode by on horseback, and, by some means or other, her blue habit caught in the omnibus. The proprietor-conductor immediately jumped down from his step and released it, much to the relief of Her Majesty, who graciously thanked him for his promptitude. In commemoration of this incident, Mr. Clarke had that omnibus repainted blue, and substituted for the word Eagle on the panels the words Royal Blue. He moreover had painted on the panel of the door a picture of Her Majesty on horseback. After a time he called all his omnibuses on that line Royal Blues, but the original Royal Blue was the only one that had a picture of the Queen on it. Wishing to preserve this picture, he eventually had the panel on which it was painted cut out of the



THE "ERA" STEAM OMNIBUS

door and framed, and it is at the present day in the possession of his daughter. The Royal Blues, which now run from Victoria Station to Oxford Circus, have been the property of the London General Omnibus Company for nearly forty years. The "Favorites" were named after a Parisian line of omnibuses called *Les Favorites*. They had, as at present, the word "Favorite" painted in large letters along the panels, and an opposition proprietor imitated them as closely as he dared, by having "Favor me" painted on the panels of his omnibus. But the most formidable rivals of the "Favorites" were the "Hopes," and the racing between these omnibuses became decidedly exciting. A "Favorite" and a "Hope" would start together from the corner opposite the "Angel," and race madly down the City Road to the Bank. But the accidents which they caused in their wild career became so appallingly numerous that the Islington Vestry

offered a reward to anyone giving such information as would lead to the conviction of any driver for racing. That certainly checked the racing proclivities of the Islington omnibus drivers, but in other parts of London racing flourished for many years. Down the Haymarket from Coventry Street was a favourite racing-ground. Then, as now, there was a cab-rank in the centre of the road, and two omnibuses would race down, one each side of it, and frequently come into collision with each other at the end. The passengers used to encourage the coachmen to race, and when accidents occurred to the horses or omnibuses, invariably subscribed to pay for the damage. Some of the omnibus proprietors possessed very inferior stock, and the horses to be seen pulling their vehicles were a disgrace to London. A coachman out of work applied to one of these proprietors for a job.

"Ever driven a 'bus before?" the proprietor asked.

"Yes, sir. I drove a Kingsland 'bus."

"H'm. Discharged I suppose."

"No, sir. I left because I wanted a change."

"How many accidents have you had?"

"None at all, sir."

"Smart coachman! Have you let many horses down?"

"Not one, sir."

"Get out of my yard," shouted the proprietor fiercely, "you're no good to me. I want a man who's had plenty practice at getting horses up. Mine are always falling down."

In 1836 steam omnibuses were tried in London. A previous attempt to establish them had been made a few months after Mr. Shillibeer's first omnibuses were started, when Gurney's Improved Steam Carriage, an ordinary carriage drawn by an engine instead of by horses, was placed upon the roads. It was not successful, but the 1836 venture had, in it more elements of success, for Mr. Hancock's patent coaches, the Autopsy and Era, were elegant vehicles and easy to guide. The Era carried fourteen passengers and ran from Paddington along the New Road to the City. The fare was sixpence all the way. People declared that omnibuses drawn by horses were doomed, but threatened institutions live long, and the elimination of the horse is still an event

of the distant future. And in spite of the praise showered upon the steam omnibuses their career was brief and chequered.

In the forties the knife-board omnibus became general. It was not, however, like the knife-board omnibuses which we still occasionally see, for it carried only nine outside passengers. The top was flat, and resembled very much that of a four-wheeled cab. Two passengers sat on either side of the coachman, and the other five on an uncomfortable seat, about a foot high, running the length of the omnibus. They climbed up at the back on the right-hand side of the door, and sat with their faces to the road. There were no seats on the near side, but occasionally, when passengers were numerous, the conductor would permit men to sit there, with their legs dangling down, over a little rail, in front of the windows. But the conductor always extracted a promise from such passengers that if they smashed the glass they would pay for it. That was a very necessary precaution, as the glass was not of the substantial description now in use. There were five windows on each side of the omnibus, which could be opened or closed according to the passenger's fancy. An arrangement more calculated to breed discord could scarcely have been made. Quarrels were taking place over these windows all day long, and were invariably somewhat ludicrous, from the fact that the ten windows rattled fearfully, compelling the disputants to yell at each other to make themselves heard. During the Great Exhibition, when London was crowded with foreigners, a Frenchman and an Italian chanced to be sitting side by side in an omnibus. The Italian pulled up a window just behind them. The Frenchman promptly and indignantly lowered it. The Italian excitedly pulled it up again, and this ding dong performance was continued for some little time, greatly to the amusement of the other passengers. At last the Frenchman grew desperate and shattered the glass with his elbow, exclaiming immediately after: "Now, Monsieur, you can have ze window up if you likes!"

On March 13th, 1851, a new patent omnibus was placed on the Bayswater and Charing Cross Road. Each passenger had a seat entirely to himself, and every seat was shut off and as secluded as a

private box at the theatre. But its career was short.

Four years later the most important event in the history of English omnibuses occurred, for then it was that the London General Omnibus Company, with a largely French proprietary, came into existence and commenced operations by purchasing from several well-established proprietors their omnibuses, horses, and goodwill. In less than three months the Company owned 326 of the 810 omnibuses running in the Metropolis, and as time went on quickly increased the number by purchase and by starting new routes. To obtain, if

ence in sleepy country towns and populous watering-places. Another important event in the history of English omnibuses was the formation in 1880 of the London Road Car Company, Limited, which introduced the now popular "garden seats." The first vehicles of this company were, however, very different from those they now possess, and in appearance were rather ungainly. The front wheels were very small, and the back wheels large. There was no door or staircase at the back of the omnibus, and all passengers had to get on the vehicle at the front, just behind the coachman. In fact, the front of the



AN OLD TIME MOTOR-CAR

possible, an improved omnibus, they announced a prize of £100—to be awarded to the best plan of a vehicle suited to their requirements. There were seventy-five competitors, and the prize was awarded to a Mr. Miller, of Hammersmith, but the competition does not appear to have been a great success. However, in 1857, considerable improvements were made in the construction of omnibuses, the most important being the placing of five more seats on the roof, thereby making accommodation for fourteen outside passengers. These seats were placed on the near side, and made the "knife-board" omnibus, which has now almost entirely disappeared from London streets, but may be found passing the eventide of its exist-

omnibus greatly resembled a tram-car. It was found, however, that many accidents occurred to passengers whilst entering and alighting, and consequently an alteration was decided upon. The omnibus was turned right about, the back being made the front. The old wheels, which had a crank action, were removed, and ordinary ones substituted. The coachman was promoted to a seat on the top of the omnibus, but the staircase and door remained unaltered. These alterations made, the vehicle appeared much as we now see it. The diminutive Union Jack which flies at the fore was adopted, at the outset, for a twofold purpose—to act as a distinctive sign and to publicly intimate that the Company was floated with British capital.



ONE foggy afternoon a little group of us—Hamish the Philosopher, Basil the Poet, Gregory the Impressionist, and myself—gossiped cosily round the studio fire: Herbert, out of range, was busy over a black and white sketch.

"I don't believe," I said, "men worthy the name really know what dress means. Occasionally, in sheer desperation, I give away half the disreputable garments Herbert has been flaunting as his best, and he has perforce to visit his tailor. On his return even, he never has the

slightest idea what he has ordered; and when the articles themselves arrive, they always come as a surprise to him, so different are they from the notion he has formed of his choice."

"Herbert is not nearly as bad, though, as my esteemed chief," observed Basil; "for long ago, deciding that life was too short to spare time for the fitting-on of clothes, he instructed a tailor to retain his measure; and now, when he wants anything, he merely despatches a post-card: 'Send me a new suit,' or 'Send me some trousers and a winter overcoat.'"

"That reminds me," Gregory commented, "of Anthony Hope's hero, who, possessing an astral body, utilised it by making it interview his tailor for him."

"Wiseacres declare that women dress to impress men," said Hamish; "but that merely shows how short-sighted women are, for only one man in a hundred—and he probably a draper—knows one colour or material from another."

"Do you men ask me to believe that you have never been impressed by dress," I cried, amazed. "I am certain that is nonsense; you can't possibly be as insensate as that. Try to recollect."

Followed a pause, and then the Poet paused in lighting a fresh cigarette to remark, thoughtfully: "I remember once feeling inclined to get from the top of a 'bus to thank a girl I had never seen before, just a schoolgirl, for bringing the beauty of colour into a dingy city street. It was a dull October day, not cold, you know, but dark and dismal, and she wore



a poppy-red silk blouse, with her tawny, well-groomed hair falling over it in a golden fleece. Did I say it was in Tottenham Court Road? No? Well, when I saw that jolly bit of colour amid the melancholy hues our chameleon-like race seems impelled to don that it may be in tone with its gloomy surroundings, I felt inclined to run after the girl and thank her. I wonder what she would have thought if I had."

"And, probably, that school-girl, thinking her poppy-red blouse unappreciated, may have discarded bright shades, for the drabs and the greys worn by everybody else," remarked Hamish. "Poor little girl!"

The Impressionist had removed his big pipe from between his lips, and was evidently conjuring up a picture in the fire. We waited.

"It was in Paris, one night in the gardens of the Tuileries that I saw her. She was a fine black-eyed woman, Spanish, I believe, and she was all in cream—hat, gloves, and everything—with just one spray of scarlet blossom in her raven hair. Ah!" with a long sigh, "if I could just have painted her as she stood."

"Apparently a vivid tint is needed to catch a man's eye," I mused. "You have both mentioned scarlet."

The Poet, who had been smiling introspectively, responded "No, not always: for some of my tenderest fancies circle round an apple-green skirt. But stay—was it apple-green, after all? Perhaps it wasn't. No, I must not give that as an instance."

"There is a mysterious hue known to man as puce," I said. "What constitutes puce no woman knows, and every man has a different conception. My father always insisted that mother wore a puce frock with flounces when they were betrothed. But he was unusually enlightened in matters pertaining to dress. Now I don't believe Herbert, though he is an artist, has the least notion what sort of clothes I wore when we became engaged."

"Let's ask him," cried the Poet,

boyishly—he is boyish, all poets are. "Herbert, what did Mrs. Babbington-Bright wear when you proposed to her? I've bet that you can't tell."



"Your money's gone then, Basil," answered Herbert, relaxing his attention from the sketch for a moment. "I remember quite distinctly. Muriel wore a sort of costume with pleats."

When we were done laughing at this lucid description, Herbert added—in an injured tone—"Well, I mayn't be able to give the details in technical language, but I could draw Muriel in the dress, and paint her too, from memory."

"The thing is this: men and women regard dress from different points of view," seriously announced the Philosopher. "Most men find it impossible to think of dress apart from its wearer. A man may 'enthuse' about a robe when it is worn, but he would never dream of going into ecstasies over one when it is exhibited in a shop window."

"I suppose that's why so many rich women dress so abominably," observed the Impressionist. "Possessing the capacity of appreciating a beautiful article, they yet lack the discretion necessary to inform them that a Paris frock that is lovely on a six-foot wooden model with an eighteen-inch waist will not have an effect as charming remodelled for a short, plump dame."

"I enjoy the superior way you men

with their own sex, because they are careful to garb a heroine in accord with the exigencies of her situation. That to a man writer is an impossibility: he must either leave dress alone and lose a lot of effect or trust to woman's advice. There is a true story of a well-known novelist, who, partly to show his independence, but more to display his knowledge of matters feminine, declined all aid with his chiffons, and just as his



speak of women," I exclaimed. "You ought to thank your stars that custom binds you down to sober blacks and browns. Just imagine your quite uneducated tastes let loose to choose among all the colours of the rainbow, and think of the atrocities that would result."

"I wish we could dress as we liked," cried Basil. "It would give some of us a chance of properly exercising the discretion we must at present confine to neckties."

"If authors were wise they would study dress. Women writers are popular

novel went to press it was discovered that all through her most affecting scene the heroine carried a brown velveteen parasol!"

"Well, a brown velveteen parasol would be rather nice, wouldn't it?" asked the Poet.

• • • • •

I wonder what has become of the clown—the real clown; the clown we children loved as the most brilliant spirit on earth, the clown whose appearance we eagerly awaited from Christmas to

Christmas. Babs treated me to the pantomime this season, and, though we enjoyed the piece immensely, we reserved our ecstasies for the harlequinade. To judge by their bright, eager faces, hundreds of children in the auditorium did the same. They were prepared to revel in the smallest witticism; but when the clown and pantaloon, without indulging in even a grimace that might have hinted

mending certain already much-advertised goods, and finished with a few dull shadowgraphs.

"Why," I overheard a little boy in a sailor-suit exclaim, as we trooped out, "he didn't even do anything to a policeman!"

"Stupid, wasn't it?" replied his Eton brother. "Why, I once saw them tear a policeman in pieces, and sew him up



at a joke, produced bells and proceeded to ring out a long and serious selection of tunes therefrom, it was pitiful to see the glow of anticipation gradually fade out of the young faces to be succeeded by an expression of puzzled wonder.

"Disappointing to find a clown do this," I whispered to Babs.

"Yes, mother," he replied, patiently. "But I think he'll soon begin to be a real clown."

Alas! his last stage was worse than his first. It consisted mainly in recom-

with a sewing-machine. But that was long ago."

When you recall the dear, bad old clown, who, with such delicious duplicity, was wont to greet the policeman effusively, and to inquire affectionately for Mrs. Policeman and all the little Policemen, the while concealing behind his back glaring evidences of his guilt in the form of huge strings of sausages, you feel how his glory has departed. In those days—not far back days either—the clown was not cramped in space as

he is now. He had commonly two regular set scenes to himself, with shops filled with real practicable goods ripe for pilfering. There was a poulterer's—stocked with turkeys and cheeses—and a tailor's, always with a life-size dummy handy for pushing into a policeman's

"That's not fair; I stole half of the fish," says Joey.

"No; they're all mine, I stole 'em all myself. Yes I did, I tell you; I stole 'em all;" and while protesting, the clown becomes slowly aware that Joey has slipped away, and that a policeman who had quietly crept into Joey's seat receives this incriminating statement.

Breathlessly would we watch to see how he got out of this tight place; and what a shout of delight would greet him when, flooring the policeman by the sudden bestowal of all the fish, he would scamper off scot free. Then what exciting chases there were, where clown, pantaloon, harlequin, and policeman would leap boldly through first-floor windows, to reappear calmly through doors.

Yes; the harlequinade has woefully degenerated. Our children tolerate it still, because the radiance of departed glory gives its prestance. But doubtless the next generation will have none of it.

One heritage of the past that is not disappointing is the fiction of Jane Austin and Maria Edgeworth, which is now available in the "Illustrated Standard Novels" of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Limited.

The latest instalment of this admirable set of books is *Belinda*, with an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie and a series of illustrations by Chris Hammond. It was written as long ago as 1801, but it is as bright as a coin fresh from the mint. Miss Edgeworth herself afterwards accused the work of "tameness"—she had rather a curious experience in connection with it which Mrs. Ritchie recounts—but however much you respect her opinion you are compelled to differ from her.

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.



arms as an aid to escape. And when there was a fish-shop, what splendid fun it was when, after stealing the entire stock and sending the salesman away in pursuit of the wrong man, the clown and pantaloon would sit down in the front of the stage and proceed to divide the spoil.

"There's one to you, Joey," our hero would say, giving his aged friend a small haddock; "and there's two to me," putting a couple of immense cod at his own side; "and there's three to you, Joey," handing him another small one; "and there's four to me," appropriating a heap

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The Fashions of the Month.

OF fashions for the spring the information is at present merely prophetic. We cannot tell what *will* be worn, we only know what *may* be worn. Bodice and skirt are still likely to pursue their independent way—and a very excellent and economical way it is. Energetic walkers wear the skirts sooner, and ardent housekeepers and mothers wear their bodices sooner; and it is useful to be able to renew a portion of one's costume at a time. Foulards will be high in favour this year. Indeed, for town wear nothing is better, for they are cool and yet not easily soiled. Small checks seem likely to be in favour for tweed gowns, and very neat they are. Coats will be worn both short and long. This is as it should be, for a short woman looks dowdy in a long coat, and a tall, stoutish woman looks absurd in the short frilly ones so much worn lately.

The silk, velvet, and flannel shirts with detachable cuffs and collars are likely to continue high in favour, but the stiff linen collars and cuffs do not suit everybody, and plain soft hem-stitched linen and silk ones are being worn instead. At Lady Warwick's "School of Needlework" they are making delicious soft flannel shirts in plain colours, with soft silk cuffs and collars and white silk ties at the neck. Stiff-fronted shirts will reappear this spring, and will form an opportunity for displaying fanciful jewelled studs.

Some pretty hats are now being brought out for early spring wear. "Valérie," who is always in good time with everything, is showing some charming things in green and violet. Straws of a green that reproduces the shade of the earliest spring leaves are pretty, and a violet hat trimmed with violet chiffon and delicate pansies, with a high aigrette bow of cream satin ribbon, and a couple of red roses above and below the brim, is quite Parisian in its charming contrasts of colour. Grey hats are likely to be much worn this spring, and a high grey hat with narrow rolls of red velvet round the crown, tall black feathers at

one side and a knot of violets beneath the brim, is fashionable because of its incongruities.

Prettier than these, however, because more harmonious, is a toque of violet velvet with a brim of Parma violets and an aigrette bunch of delicate and feathery acacia. The violets are mixed with their own leaves, and the touch of green is a great improvement.

Very charming is the idea of ribbon muffs and collarlets for brightening up dark gowns. A ruche of white satin ribbon and a muff consisting of large bows of white ribbon with knots of scented violets nestling between would do with any gown, and for those who would not suit the cold shade of white a deep cream or light mauve would look pretty. A bunch of polyanthus or wall-flower would look well with the cream, and yellow mimosa would be charming against the mauve. Pretty little chiffon ruffles, quite narrow, are being made to wear with dark dresses. White chiffon with single violets set on it at intervals is very dainty. It is in these little by-ways we can introduce spring into our gowns.

Velvet and velveteens are to be much worn this spring. They are warm but not dingy, and form a charming background for spring vests, cravats and flowers. A violet velvet, with bits of pointed broadtail let into the sleeves and the bodice back and front, makes a delightful spring dress. It should be made with removable vests, so that on fine days the little pointed broad-tail vest, or rather chemisette, could be changed for a maize, a mauve or a white silk one. A pansy toque with a white kid crown sewn with sequins and white Paradise feathers would go with dress and with all and every vest belonging to it.

White felt hats look best when trimmed with black velvet, and with pink or damask roses beneath the brim next the hair. White felts with violets are overdone, but then for violets altogether there is a mania; no garment and no colour seems complete without them.

Now is the time of year, when not

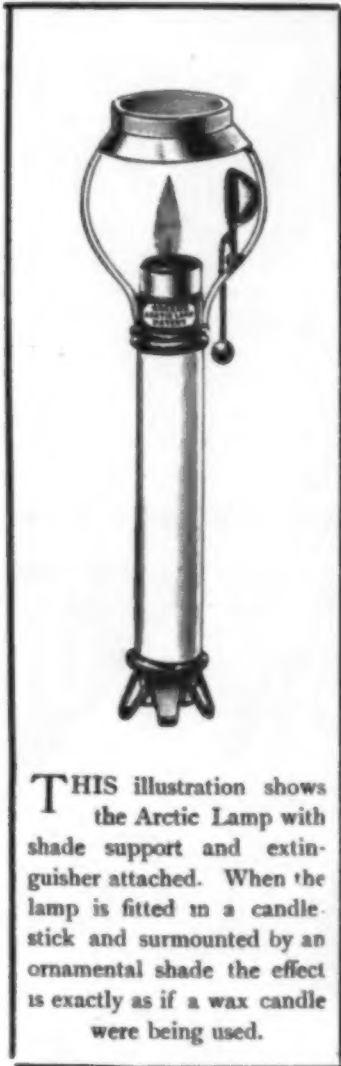
* * Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowverie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.

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and in front there is no frilling of lace, simply three pearl buttons and button-holes. Chemises show the same tasteful simplicity. One rises in two pretty shell-like curves in front, and a line of insertion follows the curves. Another one of lawn has vandykes of spotted net let in from the neck-band, and a tiny ruffle of spotted net runs round the neck by way of heading. A third has three squares of drawn thread-work let in in front, and a fourth opens with revers from which falls a delicate frill of lace. An empire chemise is prettily gathered in front and ties across the shoulders with

pink ribbons, whilst an exquisite garment of apricot silk has a check-work of narrow Valenciennes insertion running across it, dividing the silk into detached squares. All this is sewn by hand and it is a triumph of fine and patient work.

The weather has been so bad that many will be glad to hear that the Irish Industries Association has brought out a special "muddy weather petticoat." It is made of homespun, and has a lining six inches deep of macintosh which can be easily sponged after a muddy walk.